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THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS NO. 43.

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THE ART JOURNAL:
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By Distinguished Artists of Europe and America.

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S. SMITH. SCULPT.

THE 'TOILET OF THE YOUNG PRINCESS.'

LEON Y ESCOBURA PINX.





NORWAY.*

BY R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE sight of the square-sailed craft with one mast and a bold rampant black stem at once shuts out all intrusive thoughts of civilisation, for these same vessels—relics of very olden days—are seldom seen anywhere save on their own wild shores of Heligoland, and working down to the south to Bergen, or still farther south round by the coast and up to the town of Christiania. The craft themselves are mostly from north of Trondhjem; their lines are very fine indeed forward, the after part, with

quarter-deck, forming a kind of citadel for the captain. These vessels coming from the coast opposite to the Lofoden are closely allied with the fishery of that district—the great national fishing-ground of Norway, to which rushes every able-bodied fisherman from Bergen northwards up as far as the North Cape. In the month of February the fish are in force—principally early arrivals—and ultimately such immense quantities are gathered together that tradition has handed down to us as a fact that there are times when a deep-sea line will hardly sink through them. Lines and nets are both worked with the greatest system. The take is generally tremendous, and the result lucrative. The fish are cured as stock-fish until April, then split, salted, and dried on the rocks like Scotch dried cod. It is a simple process to gut and hang up these cod-fish, two and two, across poles; not even salt is used—nothing but the sea breezes, sun, and wind. Many years ago the takes were enormous, such as 16,000,000 fish, or 8,000



Making for the Fjord.

tons dried, to say nothing of the amount of cod-liver oil and

cod roe; but when we consider that these fish are gradually dispersed over Europe, 8,000 tons soon go during the

* Continued from page 171.

period of a continental Lent. About April most of the fishers return home and are ready for any chance of herrings, which are as great a blessing to the Norwegian as to the Scotch and Irish. There was a very striking instance of an old custom in one of the outlying fjords, where the old fashion of many past



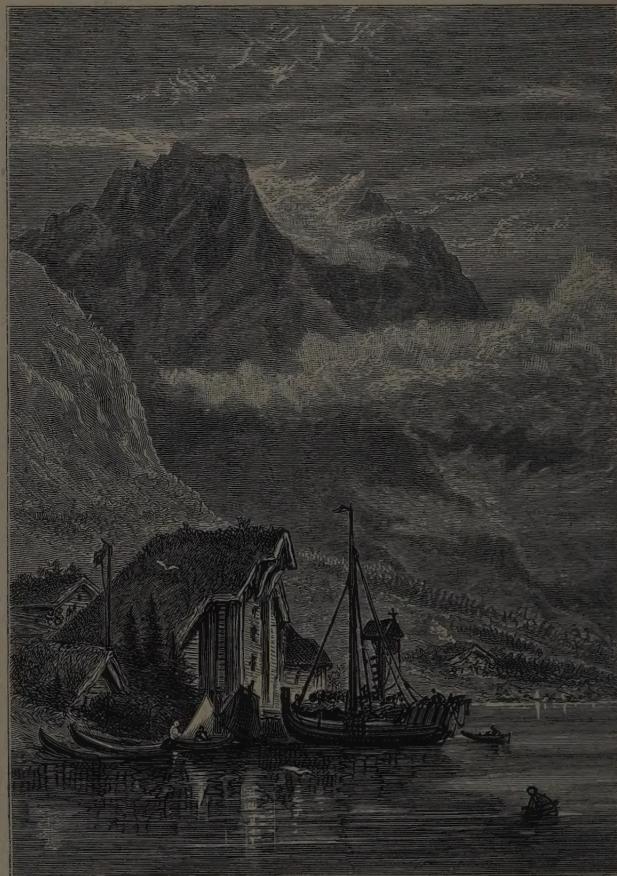
Postman and his Carriole.

centuries is still faithfully kept up. At the entrance of the fjord is a boat, in which is stationed the watcher, with a horn or bugle. As soon as the herrings are descried the watcher, or rather the look-out, stands up in the bow of the boat and sounds his bugle. The notes are quickly caught by the anxious longing ears on the beach, the boats put off, and soon the herrings feel that they are "fish out of water," and ere long will be adding much to the happiness and support of all the bonders or agricultural peasantry of the neighbourhood.

Near our herring scene was a well-to-do, but scattered hamlet—not quite a village; and, having visited some of the good people, who were much interested in the foreigners (N.B., it is a curious sensation when it first dawns upon the mind of an Englishman that he is a regular foreigner in the eyes of others), we came to the conclusion that, all in all, the Norwegian bonders, as a class, are more comfortably provided with the good sound things of this world than any other of similar position. Their outdoor life brings good health; they work hard, especially the women; and their reward is abundance. Their farms produce all they require to eat, drink, and even wear. In the fine weather they work for internal comforts; in the bad winter weather they provide for external wants in the form of carding, combing, and weaving in their houses, and making *vadmel*, or homespun—a material where "shoddy" is not known, and "everlasting wear" is the best name to give it. They have their ponies, their boats, a wholesome love of God, and veneration for true, practical religion. Their houses are of their own building—sound, solid, and warm. There is no money greed amongst them, until spoilt by tasting the fruit of the tree of civilisation, and then the reaction is all the worse; and one great blessing that remains to them is, there is no tendency to extravagance, no wish to launch out in competition with their neighbour. A peaceful, contented, simple life seems to them the *summum bonum*, which they possess and are careful not to part

with. Until savings-banks were introduced they really had no use for money, and when they acquired silver, instead of investing the amount, they had something new made in silver, in the same way as the old Dutch farmers, who were sometimes quite at a loss to know what they should have made next. These latter went so far as to have candle-boxes, as well as other domestic necessaries, of silver. Again, their servants are in good relationship with their masters and mistresses—much kindly feeling exists, with a sense of duty and a proper regard for relative position, which is never forgotten.

We have mentioned the "home-madedness" of everything in a Norwegian bonder's house; we have yet to refer to the wood-work supply, namely, sledges, agricultural implements, stolk-jars, rakes, scythe-handles, carrioles, tankards, teenas (written *tine*), butter-boxes, and bedsteads. These last-mentioned items are the worst things produced in the country. The beds are all too short—never are they long enough. It seems that the Norwegian has not quite grown out of the idea that the body should be bent up in sleep, the knees to the chin. In the Isle of Skye tradition assigns to the Norsemen certain stone graves composed of nearly square slabs. The only way in which a tall traveller in Norway can avoid pushing his feet through the footboard is by bending his body up. The best carrioles are built at Drammen and Christiania, but they are advanced specimens, with springs—and springs are considered a little foppish as well as liable to break, whereas the length of shaft is all the spring required. When these vehicles have to go on to steamers or large boats—a very frequent necessity, as the whole seaboard is so constantly incised by fjords and arms of



Rosendal.

the sea—it is usual to take off the wheels, and the body is soon removed. In cases where rivers have to be crossed, and a small boat only can be procured, the best way is to bring the latter side on to the carriole, place a plank with one end on *terra firma*, and the other on the gunwale of the boat, where the wheel of the

carriole nearest to the shore should ultimately go. The object of this is to run the wheel along on this plank to ship the carriole in the boat. This done, there is still a difficult part to be carried out : the river has to be crossed, and once the balance is lost, all is lost. The rush of the river is very strong in parts, but even a kind of race makes no difference. A pull

on one side, then a shoot and a pull on the other, smooth water is reached, safety is insured, and the carriole is over. Sometimes a river may be forded, but great care should be taken, as the want of local knowledge may in a moment cause a loss of life—at all events a ducking.

We were once fording a river when Old Kyle, our blind dog,



Shipping a Carriole.

was travelling very comfortably in a dog-bag, or *hund sac*, under the carriole. The excitement of the ford and the novelty made us forget our old pet, and the first notice of his discomfort was the sorry sight of the old dog vainly endeavouring to stem

the current, while the only way of recovering him was by wading back. The carriole is used for everything ; even the post-carrier is a carriole-driver, and is provided with a huge leather bag or portmanteau, with an iron rod running through it, and padlocked



Carriole crossing a River.

at the end. The postman carries a revolver, more as a staff of office and official status than anything else, for no one ever hears of such a thing as a robbery in this part of the world. The last few years have brought about a very great facility of communication in Norway, for which all travellers are much

indebted to the energy of the Government. One can telegraph to any part of Norway for tenpence, and the stations are numerous—surprisingly so, when the extent of country and sparseness of population are considered together; and for English travellers the convenience is very great, because almost

all the telegraph station-masters speak English well and write it thoroughly and correctly. The small woodcut, with the sea-houses close to the water and *jagt* lying close in, shows the character of the country round that beautiful spot in the Hardanger Fjord generally known as Rosendal, a place of great interest to the historian as the last seat of the Norwegian nobility. On the rising ground beyond the seashore lies, nestling in a wood, the last baronial residence, the home of the "last of the barons." Baron Rosenkrone is still there,

and in this secluded spot Art has been cherished and loved, for Rosendal possesses a collection of pictures which is considered the finest in Norway. Who would expect, after trudging for nine hours over the snow expanses of the Folge Fond, to descend rapidly on the Hardanger Fjord, and find there such examples of highly civilised life? Close to this point is the island of Verelso, famous for its sulphur mines; it is out of the regular beaten track, but is sometimes visited by the *Argo* when the steamer is ordered to call for a freight.

INGRES AND FRENCH ART LAW.



HE following case, recorded by *Le Figaro*, of proceedings before a French tribunal, is of interest from the point which it decides, and the great artistic name with which it is connected. Some five-and-twenty years since a Parisian gentleman, M. Moitessier, who held then, and still holds, a high position in society, called upon M. Ingres, and commissioned him to paint a portrait of his wife. The lady was beautiful, and well calculated to inspire the great artist, the result being that he produced one of his finest and most admired works. In using the expression a portrait, we convey the truth, but not the whole truth. In point of fact, two portraits of Madame Moitessier were consecutively executed by Ingres, for the nervously fastidious artist, ever discontented with his creations, had twice given this a canvas on his easel; in addition, moreover, to which he had made many sketches and studies. As an evidence of the scruples by which the judgment of Ingres was tantalised, we select from a series of his letters the following note of thoroughly French character:—

"MADAME: I trust I am not so much of a simpleton as I appear. I have just taken a frontal review of the two portraits, and, my wife being in council with me, we have decided that the last is the better of the two. Thus, then, madame, to-morrow and to-morrow, arms uncovered, and, if it be possible, the yellow robe. I have the honour to be, good and very lovely madame, with the profoundest regret so to torment you, your humble and most devoted servant, INGRES."

M. Moitessier had been less severe than had Ingres to himself: he made the two portraits his own. The scraps, sketches, and designs, which had never been worked up to a realisation, naturally remained in M. Ingres's possession, and, after his death, passed

into the hands of his wife. Last summer M. Féral, a picture auction agent, was directed to sell some works of Art appropriated under the demise of the master. Amongst these were, in fact, some of the unfinished sketches of Madame Moitessier's portrait. M. Féral was unwilling to proceed forthwith with these items of the auction, to which a certain speciality of character seemed to attach. With much delicacy he made M. Moitessier aware of the state of the case, proffering to establish him as preference-purchaser for the sum of 3,250 francs. M. Moitessier's reply was in a legal form. He not only declined to purchase the sketch of his wife's portrait, but had an order issued forbidding M. Féral to part with it on sale, affirming that it should be handed over to him, unless the Ingres family should prefer to have it destroyed in their presence. M. Debacq, who had maintained before the Civil Court the reclamation of M. Moitessier, further affirmed that an artist, however high his eminence, was not authorised, without express permission from the party in whom the right lay, to make use, as he might think fit, of the sketches of his model; and that, as a general rule in such cases, artistic right was rigorously limited by considerations of propriety and claims entitled to much respect. M. Hardouin, Féral's advocate, replied that, in consequence of M. Moitessier's formal claim, the sketch in question should not be brought to the hammer, and that so far the law-process collapsed. But he submitted that M. Moitessier had no right to exact the delivery to him, or the destruction of, a work of Art, which the painter had had for five-and-twenty years amongst his cartoons, and he accordingly prayed the court to confirm the family of M. Ingres in their possession of the sketch. The tribunal took the like view of the case. It forbade the exhibition in public, or the sale by auction, of Madame Moitessier's portrait; but, on the other hand, the heirs of M. Ingres should have full liberty to retain, as a souvenir of their illustrious departed relative, the work which they might not transfer into other hands.

THE GIPSY.



ERTAINLY not destitute of poetry and pathos is the painter's conception of this handsome woman who leans restfully against the tree which her plump fingers almost encircle, and looks out into the distance with her large, lustrous eyes. What is she thinking of—this daughter of that vagabond race whose strange history runs back to the land of the Himalayas, and whose representatives are fascinating outcasts of every nation of the world? Half-sad, half-glad, in a tender, mysterious reverie, with flowers at her feet and sunshine about her head; jewels—rubies, perhaps, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls—glistening on her finger, ears, and neck, her luxuriant jet-black tresses refusing to be confined, her physical proportions much richer and riper than the growths around her—she is a creature whom Childe Harold might have written about to distraction, but who is evidently much more than a mere piece of portraiture from life. The immediate impression which she

conveys is of a type of beauty created by the painter, who has let his imagination play freely about his model, though it does not require the eye of faith to see in her a veritable gipsy. The Germans have gotten the credit of having a weak nerve of sentimentalism, but the German artist's work in this instance is simple, direct, manly, solid; it is pretty without being in the enervating atmosphere of prettiness. This gipsy woman is not posing to have her picture taken; she is not self-conscious at all. The chiaroscuro effects, which must enter so largely into every such representation, are delicately and deftly managed; and, in general, the delineation may be said to be unusually vigorous and pleasing. Its author, Emil Teschendorff, is a young artist in Berlin, his studio being in the Fine Arts Academy of that city. Last year he sent to the annual Art Exhibition there two oil-paintings entitled 'Troubled Days' and 'Nymph and Satyr,' and also two water-colours. He is not so well known in this country as doubtless he will be bye-and-bye.



THE GIPSY.

From a Painting by E. TESCHENDORFF.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—J. APPLETON BROWN.

THIS artist, who has already acquired a prominent place among American landscape-painters, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, July 12, 1844, and is consequently now between thirty-three and thirty-four years old. At an early age he exhibited a great fondness for Art—a taste which is usually shown as soon as a love for music, we learn from the biography of most artists. While still very young he went to Boston, where he studied in the same studio with Mr. Porter, who is now taking a leading position as a portrait-painter.

Brought up with one of the most picturesque surroundings of New England, where the sea, the low, many-hued marshes, a

beautiful river with its windings and its small tributaries, varied the scene with soft hills and a rich farming-region, a poetical mind could hardly fail here to fasten upon the innumerable points of beauty, fit either for lovely word-descriptions or for pictures. The same regions about Newburyport have inspired Whittier, and the beauty of Plum Island and the misty reaches of the blue Merrimac delighted Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who has bodied forth their charms in some of her best verses.

The stamp of these youthful surroundings has impressed itself indelibly upon the work of Mr. Brown; and, in a trip to Europe in 1866, he found in the interpretations of Nature by Lambinet a spirit most congenial to his own. The strong, rugged forms of hills and trees, the misty interiors of woods, and the still pools



The Upper Merrimac.—From a Painting by J. Appleton Brown.

nearly hidden by surrounding sedge-grass, in the pictures of Lambinet, were the same in spirit as those Mr. Brown had contemplated from his childhood. With Lambinet he studied for a year, and from him learned to portray in a forcible and direct manner his impressions of landscape where a more detailed and realistic master would have entirely failed to help him.

At the end of his year's stay with the French painter, Mr. Brown, with very slender resources, made a trip through Europe, and in Switzerland painted studies from some of the most notable points, which are now possessed by prominent Bostonians. On returning to America, Mr. Brown took a studio in Boston, and has since spent his winters there, returning to Newburyport each summer for his studies from Nature.

American landscape-paintings at the present time divide themselves into those where great detail appears and those which convey through large and simple treatment the sentiment as well as the general character of the scene they portray. Of the former class

are Whittredge, McEntee, Hubbard, Kensett, and the older landscapists, such as Durand. Another set of men, conceiving landscape art rather as a combination of impressions than in its photographic detail, however beautiful the latter may be, render it through great masses of light and shade, rich colour, with here and there, in significant positions, firm and precise outline, or solid, definite drawing. The painters of this class in France are Dauigny, Lambinet, Jules Dupré, and Diaz.

A visit to Mr. Brown's studio shows us his wall covered with brilliant sketches done in this manner. Here are gnarled and bent fruit-trees standing on exposed hill-sides, whose twisted branches are in one portion strongly indicated, and in another vanishing into the misty silhouette of the tree. You see a stunted greensward in the same picture reflecting the heat of a summer sky, or the mist and dampness hug the grass where its pale colour rises faintly against an old dark undergrowth at twilight. In one picture Mr. Brown has put upon his canvas some stray young willows, whose

gawky, rambling arms are thrust out at all points and in various directions, with their thin, scant foliage on the tips of the twigs, that look like fingers, suggesting the thought of dryad transformations where the spirit of some poor soul still lingered under its painful body :

" Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained."

Mr. Brown has a charming picture called 'Apple-Blossoms,' and in it is shown the same tender love of Nature. Round young trees, with their outlines melting into a misty atmosphere, appear the young shoots of branches decked with the pure, filmy pink of the delicate flowers. The trunks are not yet old, nor bent, nor moss-grown, but they are the healthy young trees of orchards such as

are so often found in sheltered nooks and in the hollows of New England pasture-land, where the low granite hills, with no better growth than juniper and thin grass, protect the fruit-trees, and the kitchen-garden with its vegetables, from the piercing and destructive salt-winds of the sea. The ground here is soft, and often through its spongy surface little brooks creep along lazily to find an outlet somewhere or they lose themselves in the earth.

Other pictures yet are of the pooly salt-meadows near the sea—places so remote from the ocean that the tide never overflows them, except at spring and autumn floods; but the small creeks are flooded in their half-hidden courses twice a day from the ocean, and long, coarse marsh-grass draggles its heads in the black muck when the creek is empty.

But it is not alone in these nooks and corners about Newbury-



Storm at the Isles of Shoals.—From a Painting by J. Appleton Brown.

port that Mr. Brown finds his inspiration, for two or three large canvases are filled by scenes of wild ocean-storms. Darkness, and clouds, and wind, drive in with the great green waves that come up and break over rock and sand. Mr. Brown has caught the cold, green colour of the sea; but it is not for its beauty as a pigment that his colour impresses the imagination most powerfully, fine though the hues, but the tints are an expression of the weight, the density, and the mass, of the water—of the sea in its great throes of fury.

Mr. Brown is a true artist in spirit, and in his painting is entirely separate from the worldly considerations of what subjects will be popular or will take the market. His pictures are a matter of conscience with him, and, though he has a fine and true eye for colour, he uses it always, as in the sea-waves we have described, not for its sensuous charm, nor yet as a showy palette, but each tint of blue or white, green or scarlet, is so important on his canvas to carry out his ideas and purposes, that, even where we feel the richness and harmony of his tones, the amateur cannot fail to recognise them as used to carry out a thought or a suggestion, and not,

as is too often the case with painters, being laid on from vain display, or from the fascination of their sensuous beauty.

Mannerism is totally absent from Mr. Brown's work; and whether he draws the details of a tree with pre-Raphaelite care, or slurs into shapeless masses the paint upon his canvas, it is always the scene that is in his mind he endeavors to evolve, and not to make a pedantic display of his own knowledge of painting.

In 1874 he sent two pictures to the Paris *Salon*, both of which were accepted, and purchased from the gallery. The compliment of this will be appreciated when it is considered that four thousand canvases were rejected from the same exhibition.

Mr. Brown's aims as a painter have been recognised by numerous persons in his vicinity. His first considerable commission was from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, author of "Syrian Sunshine." Mr. Martin Brimmer is also the owner of a fine painting by him; while the artist Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, also possesses one of his characteristic subjects. Of the many recent promising artists who are now with us commanding attention, Mr. Brown has a place to which his fresh, unmannered, and strong paintings justly entitle him.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THIS, the last of the four volumes forming the series which the learned antiquarian Paul Lacroix has given to the world on the history of almost every subject which constituted the life of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, will be found in no way inferior in interest to those that have preceded it, though, possibly, it is addressed to a more restricted class of



Monks engaged in Agriculture: Capital Letter in a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century.

readers. Yet it may safely be affirmed that no period of the history of Europe has had so great influence upon the destinies of mankind as that which, at this distance of time, we are accustomed to consider the "dark ages." And so they were at their commencement, early in the fifth century; but the light of Christianity was beginning to shed its bright beams over the Western, as it had already over some parts of the Eastern

world; and the invention of the printing-press and the discoveries of men of science expedited that general, not universal, diffusion of knowledge which, enlarged by the studies and



King Robert, Son of Hugh Capet, composing Sequences and Responses in Latin: from a Manuscript of the Fourteenth Century.

genius of successive generations of men, has made the science and literature of the nineteenth century what we now know them to be. It is this doctrine of evolution, as applied to such



Conquest of Jerusalem by Charlemagne: from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.

matters, that M. Lacroix traces out in his most interesting

* "Science and Literature in the Middle Ages, and at the Period of the Renaissance." By Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris. Illustrated with Thirteen Chromo-lithographic Prints by F. Kellerhoven, and upwards of Four Hundred Engravings on Wood. Published by Bickers and Son, London; D. Appleton and Co., New York.

volume, in a number of chapters treating of the various sciences, popular beliefs, proverbs, literature of every kind both in prose and poetry, and even civil and religious oratory, down to the time of the Reformation. The publication of this series of Mr. Lacroix's works, being all devoted to the Middle Ages, is by this volume completed.



BOLDINI PINX^T

E. Boldini 1870

L. RICHETON SCULP^T

THE CONNOISSEUR.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

III.

M. MEISSNER, of Paris, has long been known for works that are styled "electro-plated." As a designer his productions manifest great excellence; sometimes they are based upon the antique, the

museums of the French capital furnishing an ample supply of models; generally, however, they are original, emanations of his own fertile mind and fancy. We engrave two examples of his work.



THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

FROM the heights of the Trocadero, in the southwestern part of Paris, the rest of the city can be seen to advantage; and here the director of the Exhibition has placed one of its two principal structures. The ground inclines easily to the Seine, which, at this point, runs in a northeasterly direction, and is crossed by the Bridge of Jena. On the other side, in the Champ de Mars, is the Main Building, which occupies the site of the one used for the International Exposition of 1867. For the erection of these

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edifices and their accessories the French Government appropriated the sum of 4,500,000 francs; and, chiefly for the adornment of the surrounding grounds, the additional sum of 2,500,000 francs. It goes without saying that this latter appropriation has been used with peculiar success in a country where landscape-gardening is pre-eminently a Fine Art. Modern French architecture may be found fault with; its productions may be charged with neglect of perspective and with consequent thinness and flatness; but nobody, we believe, has had the audacity to sneer at modern French landscape-gardening; and visitors to the Exhibition, who may not be

To praise the works of MINTON &



Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, would be to "gild refined gold." Their contri-



butions to the Paris Exhibition of 1878

do not lessen their fame; it would be difficult to



increase it. They are represented chiefly, as to extent, by several English dealers, for some of whom



they have executed designs specially furnished to

them by such "houses." We give



on this page six of their more prominent productions: some are large;



we can make no reference to scale.

struck with the appearance of its chief edifices, will scarcely fail to appreciate the beauty of the trees, the vines, and the flowers, the grottoes, the cascades, the fountains and the terraces, the winding paths and the principal avenues, of the Champ de Mars and the slopes of the Trocadero. On summer evenings—the long and cool summer evenings—Parisians and their guests live out-doors. Where can they spend the hours more pleasantly than in those charming retreats?

To be sure, it is not so easy to get there as it might have been had the facilities been equal to those of rapid transit in New York.

But if there is no Metropolitan Elevated Railway from near the hotels where Americans most resort, to the neighbourhood of any one of the sixteen principal entrances to the Exhibition, other modes of access are not to be despised. A sail on the Seine, for instance, on one of the brisk little steamboats that every five minutes or so leave the Port Royal pier, within a stone's-throw of the Louvre, is a pleasant excursion by itself. The Paris Circular Railway, too, which has constructed a branch to the grounds, is not so very far away from the inns of the favourite boulevards. Street-cars run persistently, and, being never allowed to pack their passengers after

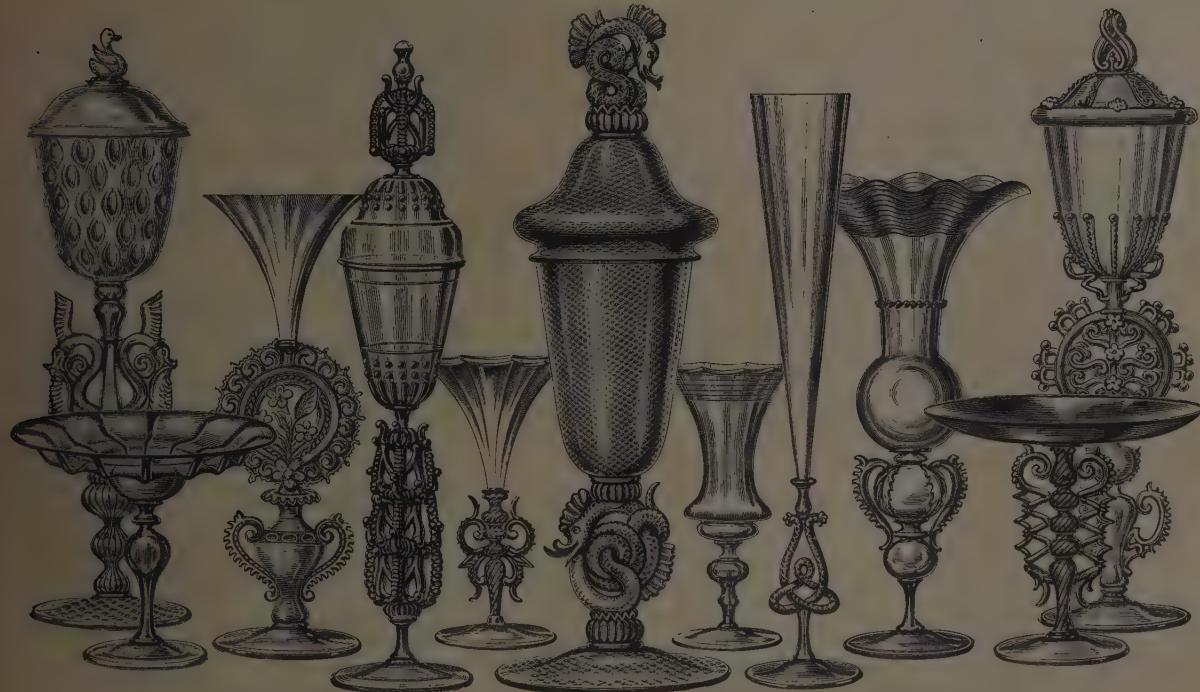
This page contains engravings of the delicate, very beautiful, and truly artistic Glass of Venice by the VENICE AND MURANO

by the award of prize medals at all the principal International Exhibitions of Europe. Connoisseurs in such matters will at once



COMPANY. The beauty of the forms, combined with richness of colour, produces an artistic result that has been publicly recognised

perceive that mixed with new designs are copies from ancient models.



the manner of our New York conveyances, are not absolutely comfortless. Of omnibuses, also carrying only a fixed number of persons, the supply is abundant; while *voitures*, the fares of which are regulated by law, so that the riders are free from the perils of fleecing, are a pleasant if not precipitate means of conveyance. If the genius of red tape presides over the matter of procuring tickets to the show; if it is requisite to buy these pieces of pasteboard before reaching the grounds; if, after reaching them, you are confronted by three gate-keepers, two who punch your ticket, and one who deposits it; and by three policemen, either one of

whom is ready and able to see that you proceed according to law, certainly your troubles are over when you get within the enclosure. There the enchantment of the sights buries the recollection of almost any preparatory tribulation—even the trouble of having your photograph affixed to your season-ticket, if you choose to procure one at the price of twenty dollars, though feeling all the while as indignant, perhaps, as the French journalist who writes: "I confess that this rule does not seem to me a masterpiece of liberalism; it pushes tyranny to the point of compelling a free citizen to sit to a photographer, to deliver over his head, his name, his address,

M. HOUDEBINE, an eminent bronze manufacturer, exhibits chiefly statues and statuettes, such as Paris has long supplied to all other parts of the world: they are for the most part modelled by rightly educated artists. Such productions, however meritorious, do not "tell" favourably when engraved on wood, and we prefer to

M. SCHLOSSMACHER, of Paris, supplies us with an

example of his Chandeliers in bronze, a branch of the

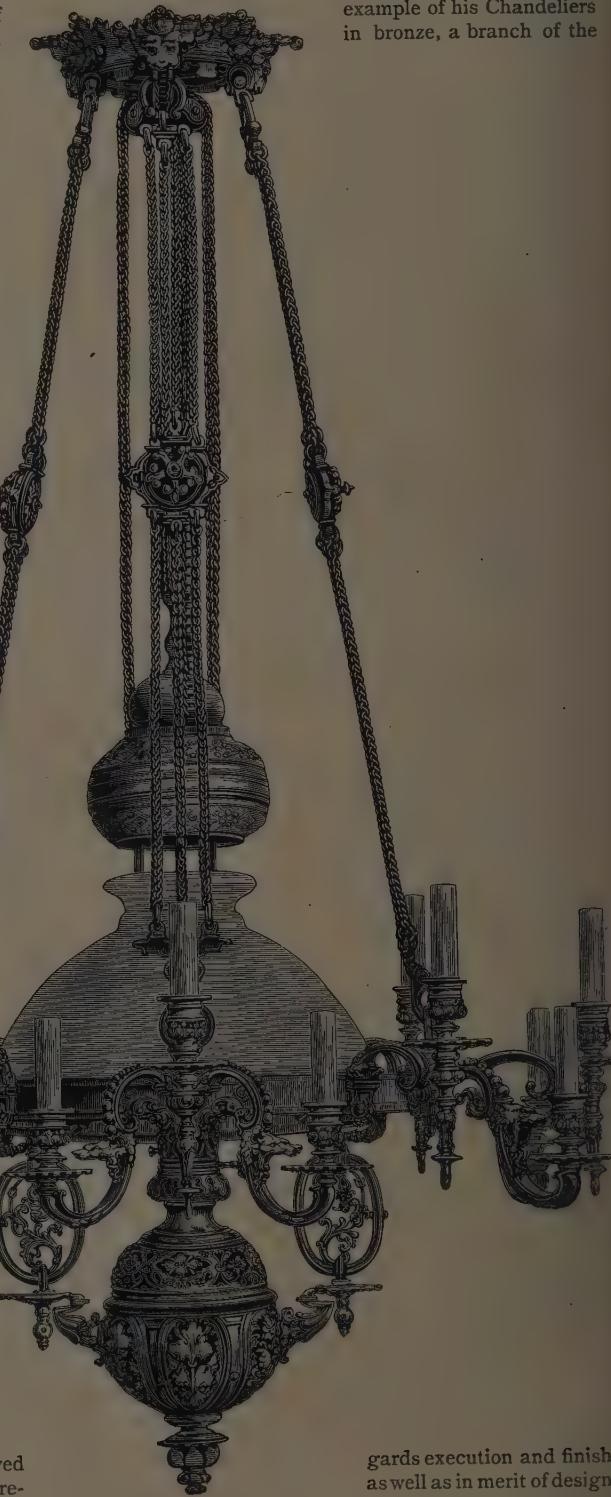


copy one of the Vases of the manufacturer, on which there are figures in relief. It is probable that at a future time we shall accord justice to one of the most eminent fabricants of France, who has aided largely to extend the renown of his country.

art in which he has arrived at great excellence as re-

his signature, to the commission of the Exhibition. It is a violation of individual liberty, imposed alike upon subscribers, exhibitors, journalists, and employés. Yet nobody protests in this fair land of France, which, pretending to love and to understand liberty, allows to be set at work, *à propos* of a Universal Exhibition, the most terrible engine of police which ever existed."

So it seems that some Frenchmen are not entirely pleased with the grand fair. Among them are the Bonapartists, M. Paul de Cassagnac at their head, who peradventure begrudge the republic the glory of it. At all events, a few of these dissatisfied imperial-



gards execution and finish, as well as in merit of design.

ists not long ago tried to create a disturbance among the workmen employed on the buildings. "Down with the Exposition!" they cried. "The little emperor," meaning, of course, young Prince Napoleon, who once received a famous baptism of fire, "is coming, and there will be no Exposition." Some time ago a pamphlet, entitled "Down with the Exposition!" and signed "An Exasperated Parisian," was circulated in Paris. The writer represented a class of tax-payers who believe that the money to be taken out of their pockets will redound chiefly to the profit of "landlords, butchers, and theatrical managers;" that the whole affair is in the inter-

Of the works of Messrs. COPELAND, of Stoke-upon-Trent and New Bond Street, we give six examples; they are of Vases chiefly. Specimens of figures in statuary porcelain we have already given. These vases, and others from which they are



selected, are good and true in form; they claim attention, however, mainly because of their merit as paintings on porcelain, and that is

of the highest order. The efforts of the firm to maintain its high character have been entirely successful.

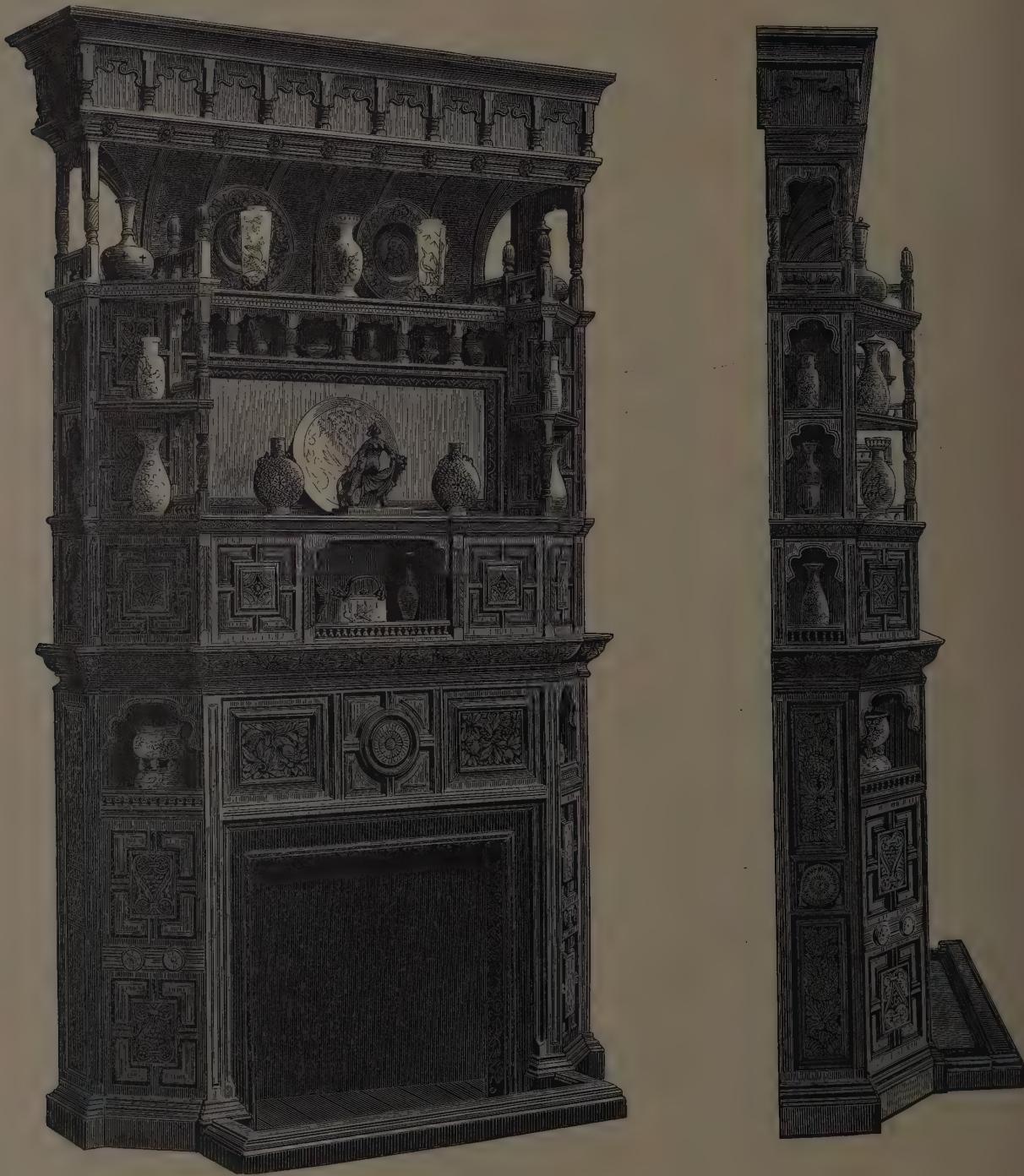
rest of these persons, and a few others not unlike them; and that therefore the supplementary credits of nearly a million francs for extra salaries, and nearly 2,000,000 francs for enabling cabinet ministers to entertain their guests, as well as the original appropriation of 7,000,000 francs for buildings, grounds, and other purposes, are in the nature of a fraud upon the general public. But these disaffected elements are in a small minority in the French capital. The reception given by the people to Marshal MacMahon,

as he rode in state from the Elysée to the Trocadero on the day of the opening, showed, if evidence were needed, that the great fair is popular in Paris.

Let one who approaches the Exhibition by means of a steamboat on the Seine, and lands on the quay near the Bridge of Jena, which connects the grounds, stop a moment and look around him. Turning to the west, he will see the building (called the palace) of the Trocadero, horseshoe in shape, and facing the river. Like our

The Mantel-piece engraved on this page forms part of a dining-room suite exhibited by JAMES SHOOLBRED & Co., of Tottenham

Court Road, London, whose cabinet-ware is a striking feature at every great Exhibition.



Memorial Hall in Philadelphia, it is devoted to Art-purposes, and will be a permanent museum for the city of Paris. Its centre is a large dome, on each side of which rises a tower 250 fifty feet high. Its principal galleries, or wings, almost completing a semicircle, are each of them about 700 feet in length, the entire frontage being 1,600 feet, or 200 feet less than that of the main hall at the American Centennial Exhibition. Beneath the grand dome is a magnificent concert-room, capable of seating 8,000 persons ; and in the galleries that lead from it are historic collections, chronologically arranged, of French pictures. A colonnade, extending along the out-

side in front, and containing many statues, is reserved for promenades. Yellow stone and iron were used in constructing the dome and its supporting walls. The material for the galleries is chiefly iron. The ceilings are frescoed elaborately and beautifully. Within the two towers that flank the dome have been placed elevators, by which the ascent can be made to the top for purposes of observation, the great size of the elevators permitting a hundred persons to be carried on every trip. What a scene greets the excursionist who has made the upward journey ! Directly in front of him are the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, the foundations of which were laid

Messrs. MAW & CO., of Moseley, England, exhibit largely. They enable us to engrave many of their best specimens of Tiles,

but a description of them must be postponed. Of tiles specially designed for hearths there is a great variety.



in the twelfth century; the Hôtel-de-Ville, or City Hall; and the Hôtel des Invalides, in the crypt of which, in a sarcophagus of porphyry, rests the body of the first Napoleon, who desired, as the inscription of a quotation from his will reads, "that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved." To the north are seen the Arch of Triumph, the dark-green foliage of the Bois de Boulogne, and the shade-trees of the Champs-Elysées, which leads to the gardens and the palace of the Tuilleries. Near by is the Church of the Made-

leine, with its fifty-two Corinthian columns, and the splendid new Opéra-House, and the doubly historic Column Vendôme. Farther south appear the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, and the Garden of Plants. On a clear day the range of vision includes a multitude of suburban towns—St.-Denis, Argenteuil, Neuilly, Sèvres, Versailles, Charenton, and twenty more, together with the forts and fortifications, and the line of the German investment. What sights are these, and what memories do they recall!

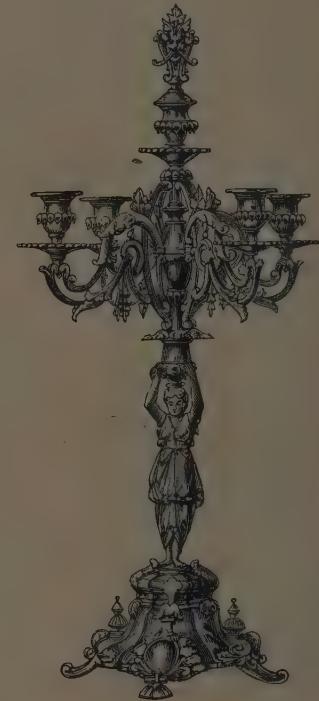
But let the spectator descend and, leaving the Trocadero, pass

M. FITZAIN holds leading rank among the most eminent goldsmiths of Paris; he has supplied us with specimens of his always admirable

bably among the best of his works, for which he seeks the approval of the public; and no doubt



works, the principal of which is an Inkstand of much elaborate beauty. A Basin and Jug, distinguished as Syrène, are also of sterling merit; and



the high repute he has long maintained in Paris will thus be extended to other parts of the world. But of



so, indeed, is the very graceful Candelabrum. These he has selected for us to engrave as examples of his skill in designing; they are pro-



goldsmiths there are few exhibitors. Of the precious produce of the Art manufacturer not much is shown.

into the grounds that surround it. The distance from the river is about 500 yards, and the declivity is steep. In front of the palace a reservoir has been constructed, issuing from which a torrent of water, fifty feet wide, tumbles over half a dozen marble steps into a huge basin, and forms a much finer cascade than unassisted Nature is apt to furnish. Terraces, gardens, and walks, are abundant. There are many special buildings and enclosures belonging to various nations. Among them is a Japanese house, its main door of sandal-wood, ornamented with old bronze figures and gilt nails, the whole built carefully in Yedo, and brought to France

in sections. Algeria, being a French colony, has naturally exerted herself. Her building is in the style of Arabian architecture, very characteristic and attractive. China has erected a pagoda, and the Chinamen who did the work were dressed in native costumes, and wore full-length pig-tails. Turkey, Egypt, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland, have put up model cottages, each in its own manner and of careful workmanship. A fresh-water aquarium, with a promenade around it, and 3,000 cubic metres of water in it, is near the cascade; and not far away is a flower-bed, planted by the Dutchmen with not less than 40,000 tulips. Some restaurant-

Mr. A. C. EBBUTT, of England, exhibits a Cabinet of much merit and value as a work of Art. The frame, or groundwork, is of oak, but it is largely ornamented by various rare woods, skilfully and artistically introduced. It is impossible to describe

its more ornamental parts; but our engraving may convey an idea of its ample Art adornments. There are figures emblematic of Painting, Music, and Literature; the centre panels represent the four elements; and wild flowers and fruits are abundantly



introduced. Twelve inlaid panels depict the twelve signs of the zodiac, and over these are two ornamental scrolls forming the word Croydon—the work being named the "Croydon Cabinet"—and

the date 1876. It is a most elaborate work of the very highest class, a complete triumph of the cabinet-maker, and confers the utmost credit on all who have been engaged in its production.

pavilions, pretty in shape and inviting in better respects, are in no danger of being overlooked.

When the visitor reaches the river after witnessing all these sights and others like them, he finds the Bridge of Jena ready for him. He does not recognise the old structure in the widened, almost entirely rebuilt, and beautifully decorated new one. He crosses it, nevertheless, on his way to the Main Building on the other side of the Seine, directly opposite the Trocadero Palace. Here, again, the approaches are through beautiful gardens and past a variety of kiosques, offices, lakes, and grottoes. The Queen

Anne Villa, built for the convenience of the British juries, is constructed entirely of materials which are non-conductors of heat, the wooden framework being covered with Portland cement and red concrete, and these again with ordinary bricks. Cool in summer such a house is said to be, warm in winter, and less costly than a common building. The Prince of Wales's Pavilion is in a garden where there is a fountain. It is an Elizabethan villa, contains twelve rooms, and cost \$100,000. The principality of Monaco has put up a handsome structure. The Paris Gas Company, Water Company, and other municipal organisations, have special

The Vallauris Pottery, which supplies us with objects that compose this page, is not far from Cannes, in the South of France. It was formed by the father of the present proprietor, M. CLÉMENT MASSIER, about thirty years ago, and has from year

to year sent forth abundant examples of good Art. The forms are chiefly copied from ancient productions of Greece and Rome, with "occasional borrowings" from Persian and Moorish originals, freely supplied from the museums of France. They owe



their popularity, however, mainly to their brilliant glaze, gene-

rally of a dark green or brown, but often varied by other colours.

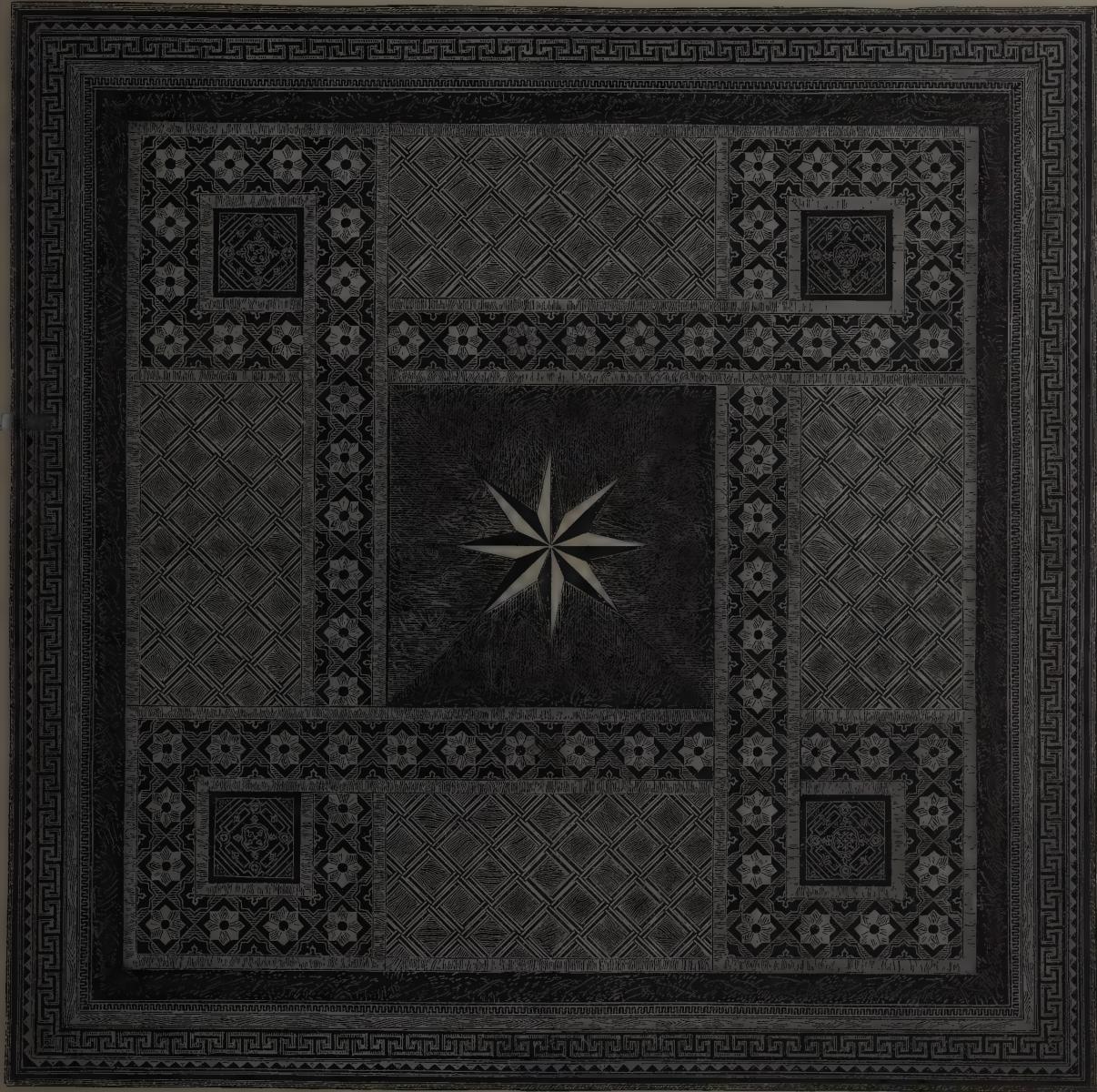
edifices or pavilions of their own, in which are exhibited their respective methods of operation. More restaurants, of course, are found, and also many hot-houses and other agricultural annexes.

In the midst of them rises the Main Building in the Champ de Mars, commodious though not architecturally striking, rectangular in shape, 2,400 feet long, and 840 feet wide; or 520 feet longer, and 376 feet wider, than the Main Building of the Centennial Exhibition, covering an area of 270,900 square yards, and distant about 700 yards from the river, with which it is parallel. From its four corners rise four towers surmounted by domes 132 feet high;

and in the centre of its principal façade, which fronts the Seine, is another tower somewhat lower than the rest, and containing the chief entrance. The façade is of iron and glass, and is subdivided by pillars which project above the roof. At the foot of them are allegorical statues representing the several nations that have contributed to the Exhibition, and at the top of them the escutcheons of these nations. Within, the floor is divided by aisles into seven longitudinal sections, the central one of which is devoted to the Fine Arts. In the middle of this central one is the Art Pavilion of the city of Paris, surrounded by a garden, and extremely

Messrs. JOHN HARE & Co., of Bristol, have long held a leading position among British manufacturers of Floor Cloths, a class of useful ornamental Art that still keeps its place, notwithstanding the many "inventions" that have been "found out" to displace it. We supply one example of their work ; the infor-

mation suggested by it would require more space than we can give. Established in 1782, the firm has endeavoured to utilise Art in such a way as not to interfere with the purposes to which floor-cloth is applied, the chief considerations being strength and durability. To insure these, every article used in making



the fabric is prepared by them. The hemp and flax enter the works in the raw state as imported, and are spun and woven by them. The colours are all manufactured by them, the finer chemical colours being struck on whitelead, which is produced in

their extensive whitelead works. By thus insuring that the bases of everything are first class, they are able to supply the public an article which for nearly a century has enjoyed a widespread reputation.

beautiful. Its architecture is in the Italian style. Most of the picture-rooms in this section are low and small, but, as might have been expected, well lighted, with a screen between the spectator and the light. With the exception of the English rooms, which are colored a red-brown, they are all painted red. France herself occupies more than one-half of this building.

Entering by the principal doors in the central tower, and walking down the main aisle, the visitor passes, on the right, the courts or subdivisions of the various countries in the following order : England, the United States, Sweden and Norway, Italy,

Japan, China, Spain, Austro-Hungary, Russia, Switzerland, Belgium, Greece, Central and South America, Persia, Siam and Morocco, Luxembourg and Monaco, Portugal and Holland. Much the largest space is allotted to England. Austro-Hungary is next in importance, and Belgium next. If the visitor retraces his steps, and traverses the main aisle again, he will see on his right the central section before spoken of, which contains the Fine-Art contributions of most of the countries just mentioned. Next to this Fine-Art section, and also on his right, are two or three other sections, each of them extending the whole length of the building, and all

We give on this page some of the very varied works of Messrs.

BROWN-WESTHEAD, MOORE & Co., of Cauldron Place, Staff-



fordshire. We shall engrave other of their excellent productions. Here we only insert a few of their lesser works, surmounted,

however, by a very marvellous achievement in pottery—a group of two Tigers. It is meant to show the power of the works in



modelling, painting, and accuracy in copying from nature, and will

demand some more detailed description than we can find room for.

of them occupied by French productions—by cotton fabrics, for example, by furniture, glassware, firearms, clocks, jewellery, clothing, cutlery, perfumery, gas-fixtures, shawls, musical instruments, tinware, chemicals, stained fabrics, dyed fabrics, laces, embroideries, leather, and paper, made in France.

The side-galleries of the building are filled with machinery.

The International Exhibition was opened by President MacMahon, soon after two o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st of May, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, ex-Queen Isabella, ex-King Amadeus, William Prince of Orange (Crown-Prince of the Ne-

therlands), Frederick Crown-Prince of Denmark, the ambassadors from China, Japan, America, and the various countries of Europe, not excluding Germany herself, and a noble array of marshals, senators, and other dignitaries of France, all of them seated on a platform in front of the Trocadero Building, which overlooks not only the beautiful grounds reaching to the Seine, but also the main edifice beyond it with its surrounding structures, and the great city itself. Thousands of visitors, each one a specially invited guest, filled almost every available space between the platform and the river. M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Com-

Messrs. HENRY and JOHN COOPER, of Great Pulteney Street, London, exhibit a Cabinet they have called the "Princess Cabinet." It is a production of remarkable merit and of great

beauty, as well as an example of careful and refined workmanship. The groundwork is rosewood. The intention throughout has been to achieve an harmonious result by the subordination



of the painted panels to the general structure. The structural design of the Cabinet is by Mr. Henry J. Cooper, of the firm.

The ornamental details are the work of Mr. Lewis F. Day. The "pictures" introduced are from Tennyson's "Princess."

merce, arose and read a short and suitable address. The Exhibition, he said, was devised on the very day after the definitive concentration of the republic, and by it the republic desired to attest its faith in its own value and stability, and in the friendship of foreign nations. So generously had these nations responded to the call of France by sending their Art-treasures and manufactures, and by commissioning their princes and most illustrious citizens to represent them at the opening, that manifestly the confidence of the republic had not been misplaced; while so successfully had the Exhibition been organised that France's faith in herself had been

abundantly vindicated. Visitors would see that France, reassured with respect to the future, had taken a fresh flight by reviving her activity, and was labouring more energetically than ever to multiply the creations which honour her artisans, embellish the life of her people, and augment the benefits of civilisation in the interests of humanity.

When the cabinet minister had finished speaking, the marshal-president arose and said: "I desire to join in the sentiment expressed by the Minister of Commerce. I offer my congratulations upon the magnificent result achieved, and of which I am happy to

We give other examples of the well-known productions of the ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, Worcester. The more prominent and important contributions are four Vases *en suite*, the paintings

on which illustrate the several processes of the potter. These are of high merit in design and execution, and cannot fail to attract the attention and command the admiration of all Art lovers.

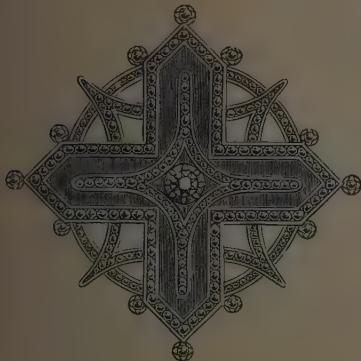


have the whole world as a witness. We have also to thank the foreign nations for responding so completely to the appeal of France." Then, advancing a step, he exclaimed, in tones loud enough easily to be heard at a considerable distance, "In the name of the French Republic, I declare the Exposition opened." Immediately from Mont Valérien, from the Hôtel des Invalides, and from an island in the river, was fired a salute of one hundred and one guns. The fountains in the grounds sent up their crystal streams. The roofs of the Main Building and the Trocadero Palace became a sea of flags of all nations. The sun burst in

splendour from the clouds. The people rent the air with cheers and acclamations. France told the world that she was herself again.

Turning to M. Krantz, under whose direction the Exhibition had been organised, the President of the Republic congratulated him warmly in the presence of princes, nobles, and lesser guests. Then, attended by his illustrious escort, he entered the Trocadero Palace, made the grand tour of its interior, passed into the grounds in front of it, crossed the Seine on the Bridge of Jena, went through the gardens beyond it, and was ushered into the Main

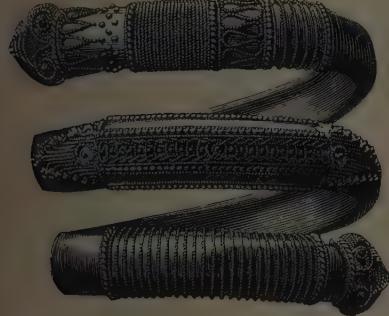
We devote another page to engravings of the works of CHRISTENSEN, of Copenhagen, who undoubtedly takes very high



rank among the goldsmiths and jewellers of Europe. The Centre-piece is a production of much grace and beauty, designed



by one of the most accomplished artists of Denmark. The examples of jewellery will be recognised as forms familiar to



those who are acquainted with ancient models: one of them closely resembles the famous Irish brooch of a very early

period. Herr Christesen fully sustains in 1878 the character he has obtained as a copyist of antiques, by which, if we mistake not, his reputation was made; but of late



years he has devoted himself to productions entirely original, and has been aided, as we have said, by the best artists of his country.

Building. Here, along the principal aisle, each in front of the pavilion of his country, and surrounded by his officers, were waiting the commissioners of the various nations that had sent contributions to the great show, Commissioner McCormick, of the United States, appearing effectively with his detachment of American soldiers and marines, all of them in dress-uniform. The president greeted the commissioners in turn, walking between the Prince of Wales and Prince Amadeus, and followed by perhaps a thousand of his train. He inspected also the Military School, which is situated east of the Main Building, and in which were gathered the

workmen who had built the home of the Exhibition; and then retracing his steps along the line of the commissioners left the place, entered his carriage of state, and, accompanied by a military escort, proceeded to his own palace.

The invited guests that he left behind him held their own inspection of the buildings, admiring perhaps even more earnestly and intelligently than did the marshal himself the triumphs of MM. Davioud and Bourdais, who built the Trocadero Palace, and of M. Hardy, the architect of the main edifice in the Champ de Mars. The Byzantine style of the former structure, with its Lombardo-Gothic

We engrave on this page examples of works in Terra-cotta from the well-known

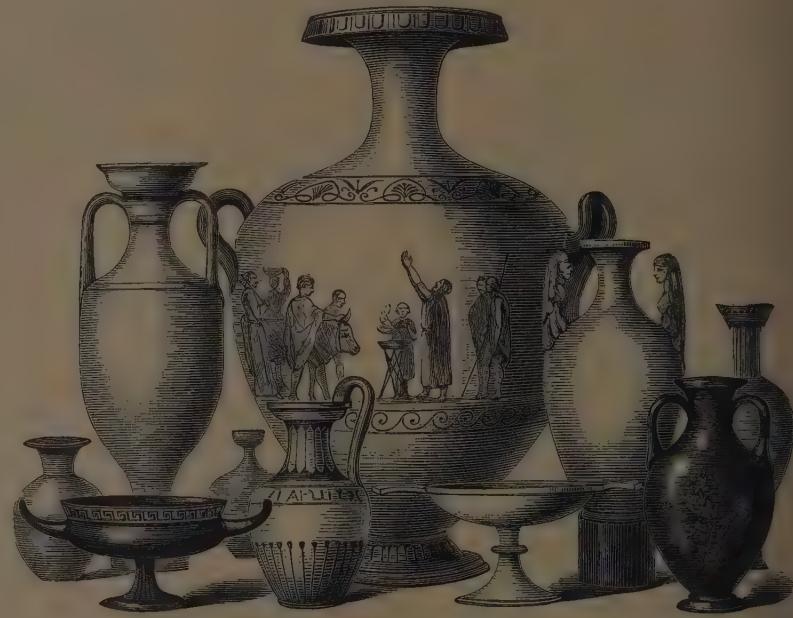
the antique; copies, in many instances, of ancient examples preserved in the Museum at Copenhagen. The clay is remarkably fine, found, we understand, in Denmark; and, if it is



factory of Madame P. IPSEN, "widow," of Copenhagen. They are in great varie-



ty, of all sizes, and in all instances pure as examples of true Art, based usually on



mixed, that process is effected judiciously. The collection will be regarded as of no small value to those who prefer the solid to the meretricious in Art. The specimens are by no



means without ornament; in some cases they are painted, in others they contain well-drawn figures in low relief.

decorations, its cream-coloured Parisian stone belted with red sandstone, its magnificent site, and its historical associations—it stands upon the spot where the first Napoleon erected a palace for the young King of Rome—afforded interesting topics of conversation. Everybody seemed glad that the noble edifice is to be preserved for the delight of Paris long after the great Exhibition should be a thing of the past. Then winding their way past the mighty cascade, down the beautified slope to the river, they took in the marvellous dimensions of the opposite palace of iron and of glass. Here the chief impression was not that of architectural magnificence and enrichment, but

of stupendous and symmetrical size. M. Hardy, the architect, had been intrusted with the task of providing a decent but temporary covering for the vast array of miscellaneous domestic and foreign exhibits. He had no funds to devote to the service of mere solidity and durability. But French taste and French genius did not desert him in this humbler task; and, although the Trocadero Palace is the great architectural monument of the Exhibition, the large structure in the Champ de Mars was pronounced to possess at least the artistic excellence of fitness for its purpose, in spite of the unhappy plaster and zinc with which its façade is loaded.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROSE, FROM THE STATUE BY J. E. GOLLM A.R.A.

D. APPLETON & CO NEW YORK.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE TOILETTE OF THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

(Frontispiece.)

LEON Y. ESCOSURA, Painter.

S. SMITH, Engraver.



ALTHOUGH Leon Y. Escosura is perhaps the least among the modern French-Spanish artists, being certainly much inferior in ability to Fortuny, R. Madrazo, Palmaroli, Boldini, Michetti, and Villegas, who, like himself, went from Spain to study in Paris and in Rome, he has succeeded in building a very respectable reputation; and, if he cannot reproduce on canvas the mystery and divinity of some women's faces, he is indisputably an excellent costume-painter. His studio is rich in the wearing-apparel of many historic periods. Few artists even in the French metropolis have so fine and valuable a collection of these goods. His productions are uneven in merit: some of them are elaborately finished; others of them approach coarseness; none of them display a deep insight into character or a wealth of thought or passion. The French-Spanish school, indeed, is notorious for the triviality of its subjects. The great Fortuny, whose genius was of the rarest sort, expended his energies in the elucidation of trifling themes, and in this respect his followers have not improved upon their leader. Through the friendly intervention of the Art-dealers, Escosura has become very well known in this country. 'The Toilette of the Young Princess' is an adequate representation of his powers. The apartment of the princess is richly furnished, her attendants are splendidly attired, as she herself soon will be, if she survives her apparently nauseous task. The artist has painted a number of out-door garden-scenes, which discover considerable nicety of feeling for sunlit harmonies of colour, which are simple in motive, and not destitute of sentiment and strength. But from a modern Spaniard, and a pupil of Gérôme, surpassing tenderness of conception is not to be expected. His pictures are not at all likely to be mistaken for those of Knaus or Edouard Frère. 'The Toilette of the Young Princess,' however, shows how faithful and accurate he may become in dealing with the minutest details—how clever may be his drawing, and how graceful his composition. In these days, when "breadth" of treatment so often degenerates into slovenliness, and so often accompanies ignorance in matters of technique, it is pleasant to see evidences of persistent and intelligent industry. Escosura is a laborious worker—even the clothes in which he dresses his men and women tell thus much about him.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

G. BOLDINI, Painter.

L. RICHETON, Engraver.

BOLDINI, another member of the French-Spanish school, is immensely superior to Escosura—is, perhaps, next in rank to Fortuny. Frivolous in subject he almost always is, though 'The Connoisseur,' which M. Richeton has admirably engraved for this number of the *Art Journal*, is comparatively serious. In looking at it one is, of course, tempted to make comparisons between

Boldini's and Meissonier's treatment of the same theme, which must be odious to the former's admirers; but there is no occasion for making such comparisons. Boldini's best work is in his landscapes, a department of Art which Meissonier does not touch; and in these landscapes the best feature is the delightful and masterly rendering of sunshine and of daylight: so that, if one is to estimate Boldini justly, other pictures than his 'Connoisseur' must be taken into consideration. The galleries of Mr. Knoedler, Mr. Avery, and Mr. Schaus, in New York City, during a number of years have contained from time to time some of the most notable things that this artist has produced, and in many private galleries in this country he sustains himself with distinction in the midst of his rivals and peers.

Boldini's painting of sunshine and of daylight is, we have said, triumphant. The purest warmth and clearness of colouring and of lighting are seen in his best and most characteristic works. Great breadth of light, delicious purity of tint, brightness and sparklingness and pearliness—these are the qualities in which he excels, and in which is displayed his genuine artistic worth. To paint a sunny, picturesque landscape without transmitting to the spectator of the painting a sense of paintiness—how hard a thing to do is that! To put on canvas a fresh and luminous piece of out-doors—how often is that really done by artists? Boldini does it, and along with it he presents most subtle and charming combinations of lines and of hues. In the foreground he will put a namby-pamby, heartless woman to whom a ridiculous dandy is making love; but so skilfully does he cause the figures to play their part in his scheme of chiaro-oscuro and colour that, even if inanimate, they would scarcely be out of place. The souls which they have not are in the sunshine, the grass, and the flowers; and we may say of him what has been said of another master of the palette—that if he is an ass in painting an angel, he is an angel in painting an ass.

'The Connoisseur' is examining with a learned air the picture on the easel. Meanwhile, the artist who made it is waiting for an expression of opinion. The prospect is, that he will get as much of that sort of thing as he wants.

STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

Engraved by E. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. E. BOEHM, A.R.A.

MR. BOEHM'S statue of Thomas Carlyle has all the strong characteristics and rugged features of the original—and this is no little triumph, inasmuch as marble is not the most favourable material for expressing harsh and angular strength. The statue was first exhibited at the London Royal Academy Exhibition of 1875, where it was declared by competent critics to have been the best piece of portrait-sculpture of the year. The philosopher is seated rather ungracefully—that is, sideways—in his chair, wearing a loose morning-gown; but the position and costume are natural to the man. The features of the face, while showing strong marks of advanced age, are wonderfully animated and intellectually expressive, and are thoroughly characteristic of the original.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS must be a matter of little concern to the generality of Americans, even to those of them devoted to Art, to learn whether the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is or is not up to the standard of previous exhibitions of recent years. By Englishmen, who necessarily have a larger and more special interest in the Art-matters of Europe, this question is viewed as one of some importance. Not that the success of the exhibition, as an annual display of pictures, in



any wise depends upon a satisfactory reply being made to the enquiry. On the contrary, the exigencies of English fashion requiring that the Burlington galleries are to be visited at this period of the year, as part of the ordinary routine of the so-called London season, it enters little into the consideration of the majority as to whether the Academy puts forth its best work or not. But among the few, whether here or in America, there will always exist the higher and worthier desire to be informed of the progress that is being made by the English in comparison with the other European

schools of painting; and to such as these, a reply to the above question must always have some interest. It is generally admitted that this year's exhibition is scarcely equal to, and certainly not in advance of, its predecessors, in regard either of general interest or merit. Among the 1,500 works exhibited, there are some hundreds of pictures of considerable excellence, and some dozens of high and permanent value; but, as a whole, the exhibition is not what those who are proud of the traditions of the English Royal Academy would have been glad to see it. There is too much rubbish on the walls, too many pictures illustrative of passages, and not very noteworthy passages either, of every-day life—very capital subjects for the draughtsman on wood, but not worthy of the labour and time that must have been bestowed upon their reproduction on canvas. Mr. C. W. Cope, for instance, a distinguished member of the Academy of many years' standing, sends, as his principal production, 'Lieutenant Cameron's Welcome Home from his Explorations in Africa.' This picture, which occupies considerably more space than it deserves "on the line" in the principal gallery, to the great detriment of more important work by other artists, is possessed, doubtless, of an abiding interest to the individual members of Lieutenant Cameron's family, but it has no value as an example of English Art-work from the studio of an Academician. The same remark will apply to a paltry portrait contributed by the President of the Royal Academy himself. It is small in size, to be sure, but it is all too large to occupy any space on the walls of a public gallery. The subject is 'William Cameron Gull, Son of Sir William Gull, Bart., M.D.: Before the Game begins—Eton Playing-fields.' A young gentleman, clad in the not too picturesque clothing of a foot-ball player of the English public schools, is standing separate from his fellows, in the act of "kicking off" the ball towards his opponents. The only excuse for this production is Sir Francis Grant's ill-health. Again, in the first of the only two contributions sent by Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A.—an Academician of repute and standing—the subject of which is 'Our Lord after his Resurrection with his Disciples on the Road to Emmaus,' illustrative of the sacred passage in St. Luke's Gospel, xxiv. 27, we have an utterly unworthy realisation of our Saviour's manhood and divinity. There is not an atom of divine expression in the face, which is singularly commonplace, not to say disagreeable, and it is in vain that one endeavours to excite a passing sympathy in the sacredness of the subject. The excellence of the surrounding landscape, and the wealth of colour introduced by the artist into his painting, alone redeem it from being of the most trivial and unsatisfactory kind.

Mr. Solomon Hart and Mr. T. S. Cooper, likewise Academicians, and several of their colleagues besides them, have claimed their privilege to exhibit work of almost ludicrous incapacity, considering their position. Even Mr. Millais is by no means seen at his best this year. He sends five pictures—three portraits, a landscape, and a piece of historical incident. His portraits are the most important, and of these a faithful, life-size, three-quarter picture of the Earl of Shaftesbury, painted for the Bible Society, is the most to be admired. In his 'Princes in the Tower,' which will, of course, excite the attention of the multitude, not because it is altogether a good example of Millais's, but because it happens to be the only one of his in the present collection that suggests a story, we have admirable facial expression and careful study of attitude. Two pretty youths—the young princes, Edward V. and his younger brother, the Duke of York—with long flaxen curls reaching over their shoulders, clad in sombre black velvet, the elder with the blue ribbon of the Garter encircling his knee, stand at the foot of the gloomy stairway of the Bloody Tower—that tower which was presently to be their grave. A look of anxious wonder and apprehension is depicted on the faces of the unhappy lads. The arm of the one rests caressingly about the neck of the other, and, hand clasped in hand, they seem to await the dread mission of the villainous Tyrrell. Mr. Millais has entirely discarded dramatic action in the picture. Its interest rests wholly upon the powerful expression given to the hapless boys. This, however, is not a picture that will be remembered in connection with the fame of the painter of 'The Huguenot' and 'Black Brunswicker,' or of that infinitely greater work than either of these two, all-popular, indeed, as they were, 'The Romans leaving Britain.' The same artist's only landscape, 'St. Martin's Summer,' is, on the whole, less striking than some of its recent predecessors, such, for instance, as 'Over the Hills and far away.' The present picture represents a

sheltered nook in among the rocks by a purling stream; the warm glow in the sky reflected in the still water of a shallow pool; while the dark rocks around increase the brilliancy of the shining landscape beyond, which is bathed in warm autumn tints. Though not so ambitious a work as Mr. Millais's later examples in landscape, it is none the less a beautiful picture, and done in rich, harmonious colours. His two remaining contributions, 'The Countess of Carysfort' and a 'Jersey Lily,' the latter the portrait of a Mrs. Laughray, the daughter of Dean le Breton, of the Isle of Jersey, about whose beauty that portion of London known as "society" at present raves, are pretty and accurate as likenesses, and this is about all. Mr. Millais seems at present to be painting too much; and, in attempting more than he can perform with the amount of thought, care, and study, requisite to the production of a really worthy piece of work, the Art-loving public suffers a disappointment, and himself weakens his reputation. Neither has Mr. Leighton this year given us a work at all approaching in originality and power to his well-known 'Daphnephoria.' He sends four pictures, and all of minor interest, exquisite in suavity and grace, it may be conceded; each a model of splendid draughtsmanship, and of perfection in the way of colour, but neither suggesting a comparison, in point of grandeur of conception, with some previous examples from the same hand. 'Nausicaa,' his principal contribution, is, however, a work of great merit, exhibiting a most masterly power with the pencil employed in the design of a selected figure of quite faultless contour. Nausicaa stands alone and watchful, quiet and soft, with a perfect modelling of rounded arms, of dainty fingers, and of still daintier feet. 'Winding the Skein,' his next best work, is as beautiful as its companion. Here we have a fair Greek maiden, with her *calathus* at her side, winding the skein with the help of a younger girl. The pose of the figures is full of simplicity and grace, albeit the painting of the flesh-tints, wax-like and creamy in colour, would seem to suggest a more etherealised order of being than common flesh and blood generally pertains to. Mr. Leighton's Eastern ladies (and upon the portrayal of these his dexterous brush is mostly employed) are ordinarily quite out of the common sphere of the humanity of our ruder Western lands.

Mr. Edwin Long, Associate, sends a work of considerable importance, occupying a position of honour in the second gallery, that recalls to the mind the excellent contributions of this artist to Academy exhibitions in late years. The subject of the present work, as in previous works of the same painter, is classical in origin, and represents 'The Gods and their Makers,' evidently a scene from the Egypt of the Pharaohs. A group of brown girls, somewhat scantily clad—as, we may take it, the girls of Egypt were in such remote times—are employed in a rude studio in the manufacture of their deities. Crocodiles and apes, cats, fishes, and dogs, that Juvenal has enumerated in his "Satire," stand here (some but half finished) before they go to the temple or the home. In the foreground a Nubian attendant holds a cat as a model for a fair young image-moulder, putting finishing touches to a cat's mummy-case. Others laugh over the comical faces and attitudes of the amulets they are modelling or coating with the "slip" of thin blue enamel. A slave is pounding the clay in a large vase. In an outer passage are ranged a series of larger images of the gods. The picture is not one that is likely to commend itself to the attention of the unlearned or unread, but it nevertheless furnishes abundant proof of a vast amount of classical lore and study having been employed in its painting. Considered in this light, and also as an example of accurate and lifelike modelling, it belongs to the class of noteworthy pictures of this year's exhibition.

Mr. Poynter, R.A., whose onerous duties in the Art Department at South Kensington keep him very constantly employed there, sends only two small works as examples of his skill. A portrait of the Mrs. Laughray, already alluded to (there are three of this lady in the exhibition), is the best of the two. 'Zenobia captive,' the artist's other contribution, is an interesting study of a beautiful, sad face, and little else. There is some careful display of colour in this picture, notably in the rich, gold filigree-work, set with chased medallions and turquoise, forming the tiara of the captive queen, and in the rich Eastern shawl thrown loosely across her shoulders; but the work is not of such importance as to invite detailed description. George Leslie, R.A., sends, as usual, one of his sweet and charming pictures of English girl-life. In 'Home, Sweet Home' the council of the Academy may congratulate themselves

upon exhibiting a picture that is in every way worthy of its general good judgment, and in every sense a suitable exemplar of Mr. Leslie's skill. The artist shows us a group of pretty young girls, in the short-waisted muslin frocks of the last century, standing about an old-fashioned piano in the domestic schoolroom. The elder sister (for, clearly, the girls are sisters, as well in point of beauty and modesty, as in the affectionate regard we see that each has for the other) is seated at the quaint little instrument, playing, and singing the sweet old song whose refrain has furnished the title of the picture. The window is opened, admitting the fragrance of the delicious wild-roses that cluster about it, and a goodly bunch of which dainty flower peeps prettily into the room. Beyond, in the distance, is the bright, green lawn bordering the garden, speaking of early May and gladsome days, of girlish happiness, loving parents, no cares, and absolute faith in the joys of the present. No more will these bright and happy young ladies go roaming in the imagination 'mid the pleasures and pretentious palaces of the outside world; to them now, and (giving scope to our fancy), we may trust forever, "there is no place like home." Mr. Leslie's present reputation as an Academician this year rests upon this one picture, and it is sufficient to say that that reputation is largely increased by it, and that the public will be much profited by attentively studying this beautiful example of his art. 'Home, Sweet Home' will be abundantly popular with the visitors to Burlington House.

Near at hand, in the same room with Mr. Leslie's contribution, we have a good picture by Petrie, R.A., if somewhat conventional in subject—a Spanish *donna*, in black mantilla and robe of intensest crimson, descending a staircase, and apparently going to a masked ball. It is a picture of striking force rather than charm. A better example of the artist is to be noticed in his 'Rob Roy'—a burly, red-haired Scot, clad in tartan, bonnet, and hose, meditating a foray over his glass of whisky. The colour and the vigorous manner of this picture are admirable. Mr. Petrie's chief triumphs this year are once more in costumed portraiture; but of these other contributions we need not state the subjects, which have but remote interest for American readers. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., sends a decorative piece of considerable size, a pictorial excerpt from Spenser, entitled 'Britomart and her Nurse.' It is very stately in arrangement, very rich in colour, and very imposing in general effect. Having conceded this much, we may remark that Mr. Watts exhibits his skill to considerably better advantage in the department of portrait-painting. Of examples in this direction we have no less than five contributions from his studio, not one, however, being of remarkable excellence. Mr. Calderon, R.A., sends also five pictures—a figure-study, three portraits, and a large work illustrative of an incident mentioned in the Cromwell correspondence in the Squire Papers. The following letter, by the Protector, with its accompanying docket, explains the subject:

"To Mr. Squire, at his quarters, Fotheringay, Peterborough, this day, 2nd Dec. 1643:—DEAR FRIEND, I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough—Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass, as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders: There is one of the Andrews' in it: take her away, Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves—I had rather they did.—I like no war on women—Pray prevail on all to go, if you can—I shall be with you at Oundle in time.

"from your friend

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"Squire has written on the other side: 'Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my aunt, same night; and the troops rode over, and wrecked the nunnery by order of Parliament.'—*Squire Papers*.

The two nuns are already in the cart, driven by a sturdy trooper. One is folded in a last embrace of the weeping Lady Superior. The other and younger nun exchanges looks of adieu with her sisters of the convent grouped about the door, under the vaulted archway of which the parting takes place. The prominent personages of the picture are particularly well-favoured in point of beauty, and their faces are invested with a charm and grace which the artist so well can express, and which is rather set off than detracted from by their simple and sober-coloured garb. 'La Gloire de Dijon,' Mr. Calderon's other more important work, is a charming half-length of a blooming, bright-faced flower-girl, evidently of the Emerald Isle, bearing a great basket of red and cream-

coloured roses. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, whose marvellous studies of character, 'The Last Muster,' and 'At Death's Door,' must be familiar to the majority of readers of this journal, sends to the exhibition this year a picture he calls 'Eventide: A Scene in the Westminster Union.' It is as replete with lifelike portraiture and sound study as were its two immediate predecessors above named. Mr. Herkomer introduces us to a long, clean, bare-floored room in a London workhouse. Along the sides of this room, some seated on rude but well-scrubbed forms, others seeking the comfort of a fire, one engaged in reading, another in sewing, a third in darning, a fourth in listening to the mumbling utterances of a loquacious friend, are the aged female inmates of the institution. An under matron—a kindly, cheerful-looking damsel—is engaged at a table cutting out garments for the old women to work upon; and one old lady, with her bonnet on, a welcome visitor to the ward, doubtless, wherein she herself had sometime tarried, thoroughly enjoys the modest and comforting refreshment of a cup of tea. The artist has brought his own peculiar and, we may add, consummate skill to bear in giving force and the impress of truth to the variety of character typical of old age depicted in the painting.

From Mr. Alma-Tadema we have, this year, but two contributions, 'The Sculptor's Model,' and 'A Love-Missile'—neither, we think, so sustaining in interest as the 'Audience at Agrrippa's,' and one or two other pictures of his that we might mention. The art of Mr. Alma-Tadema shows some signs of change. He is great, still, in archaeology; but in workmanship he is insisting somewhat less upon minute truth to texture, and is recognising the virtues of broad and manly design. We should say that at the Grosvenor Gallery the artist's most interesting work of the year is to be seen; little enough in respect of the canvas covered, but very sufficient as revealing his remarkable powers as a colourist and master of design. 'A Love-Missile' represents the interior of a Roman villa, with a young woman resting one knee upon a couch, while she is in the act of throwing a bouquet of roses, in which some *gage d'amour* is concealed, to a lover in the street below. 'The Sculptor's Model' introduces us to a studio in modern Rome, with a masterly, life-size, nude female standing on the centre round-table for the posing model. The sculptor moves behind, now shifting his eyes from the figure he is modelling to the work under his hand; and sculptor and nude figure, and the accessories of the studio, are drawn and painted with all that dexterity and finish which mostly distinguish the work that Mr. Alma-Tadema produces. A place of honour in the category of successful pictures of the year must be conceded to Mr. P. R. Morris's 'Première Communion: Dieppe'—a large and ambitious work, representing an annual religious ceremony familiar to travellers in France. A procession of young girls, in flowing white muslin veils and dresses, comes along the quay-side singing; the vessels in the harbour have run up their bunting in honour of the occasion; a miscellaneous crowd of Norman fisher-folk, sailors, holiday-seekers, and foreign visitors, stand respectfully aside to watch the girls pass. There is much grace and delicacy of treatment noticeable in the work; but it lacks force in the drawing. It is not altogether satisfactory considering the conspicuous place it claims in the collection. But, possibly, we may be led to this conclusion the rather for the reason that we can find no interest in this particular class of subject, than because we fail to recognise in the treatment of it the undoubted genius of the artist. We think Mr. Morris immeasurably superior in the department of landscape, whatever may be said of his too close following of the manner and style of the late Frederick Walker. In his 'Michaelmas,' for instance, in the present Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, the landscape part is very fine indeed.

Writing of Mr. Morris reminds us of a duty we owe to such as love the true and beautiful in Art, to make mention of Mr. Boughton's paintings of the year. Having had the privilege of seeing this artist's pictures on the easel before they had left the studio, we may now speak of their merits with the greater confidence, since we have had the pleasure of again studying the varied and many attractions they possess, on the walls of the Academy and Grosvenor Galleries. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Boughton's 'Green Leaves among the Sere,' his 'Waning of the Honeymoon,' 'March Weather,' and 'Rivals,' are four of the most admirable and interesting contributions to this year's public exhibitions. The first-named is quite worthy to rank beside 'Home,

'Sweet Home'—a picture whose merits we have already discussed—in point of tasteful and happy combination of expression, gracefulness, grouping, and colour. The subject is prettily illustrated by the charming lines :

" Among the withered and the sere
Leaves and flowers of the dying year,
Some still are springing fresh and fair,
Here and there."

Upon a marble seat, relieved against a wintry landscape, with the leafless branches overhead, the withered leaves below, and a strip of white, cold-looking sea in the distance, the artist has disposed a group of graceful figures. In the hands of the child who sits upon his young mother's knee, we see the one golden leaf that has survived the ruin of the year, and around this centre the other forms are closely gathered in such a manner as to suggest, without affectation, that sense of sadness that comes with the approach of winter. Mr. Boughton's second picture on the list, 'The Waning of the Honeymoon,' suggests a quiet nook in Kensington Gardens. Two wedded lovers—judging by their costume—of the Georgian era are seated, one on either side of a rustic bench encircling the trunk of a goodly umbrageous elm. The lady's attention is absorbed in her needlework, the gentleman is engaged in reading. Neither seems to be thinking much on the presence of the other; and the recent cooing and interchange of caresses have given place to matter-of-fact interest in the affairs of every-day life. The figures are in strong relief from the landscape, and they tell their story effectively. In 'March Weather' (which, we believe, was originally intended for the Paris Exhibition, but which now hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery), a woman heavily burdened is seen wearily trudging across a dreary moor. The picture is a very faithful transcript of Nature, and, besides being true in all its details, conveys a vivid impression of the character of the season. 'The Rivals,' which is likewise a contribution to the Grosvenor collection—the two first-named pictures being in the Academy—shows two labourers at work in a cutting or pit, a smart-looking young country wench sitting by, and watching which deals the heavier blow with the huge hammers. It is a trial of might; and the greater athlete, we surmise, will presently receive the coveted approbation, if not affection, of the comely arbitrator. This picture is aglow with warm, pure colour, and is admirable for its truth and tender feeling. We look forward with gratification, not to mention positive certainty, to the time when, in the discharge of our literary duties to this periodical, we may have the privilege of writing the capital letter A., and, by-and-by, R.A., after the name of G. H. Boughton. This artist is one of the leading geniuses of the Art-world of London, and it is with considerable satisfaction we remind our readers that he is American, both by birth and education.

'A Summer Evening on the Thames,' W. J. Hennessy, and a noble work, 'Estes Park, Colorado, U. S.,' by Albert Bierstadt—the latter picture recalling to the memory some of the best examples of that eminent painter, the late Mr. Mignot—are other contributions by American artists in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy that require honourable notice.

Following the example of the orator, who reserves the main interest of his discourse for its peroration, we have withheld, till the conclusion of our present paper, the description of a picture which will be the most talked about and which will attract the largest share of attention from the crowds of visitors flocking to Burlington House this year. We say "a picture," rather than a series of pictures, because the one title, 'The Road to Ruin,' serves to connect the canvases in one consecutive story. The artist is Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., a painter whose popularity has heretofore been thought by the professed connoisseur to have been in excess of his power. Mr. Frith's contribution this year will tend to remove this impression. In one large frame, divided into five smaller ones, this artist has given us a set of Hogarthian pictures of the highest inventive power and dramatic interest. The whole work, in its five compartments, is a novel in painting, with its chapters of inci-

dent, and love-making, and crime. The first panel introduces us to the hero of the tale, a good-looking, fresh, young English lad in his college-rooms (and rooms, too, of the "swellest," to use an Oxford expression), where the dawn finds him and his companions sitting around a green-baize covered table playing at cards. Bank-notes and gold lie scattered around, and cigars and numerous champagne-bottles speak only too significantly of the luxurious character of the "wine"—an Oxford institution, happily, we may add, now dying out. The wax-candles flicker in the chandelier. The last "deal" has been cried. The foolish fellows are going off to bed. In the second picture we are in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. We notice the young collegian now grown into a handsome gentleman of fashion, attired in the most dainty of summer suits, the object of many highly-disinterested offers from the confraternity of betting-men on the other side of the railing separating the so-called "ring" from the selecter visitors. To the right is a bevy of well-dressed ladies, some, we may suppose, of the *beau-monde*, others of the less reputable *demi-monde*. Chapter the third is the 'Arrest.' A couple of bailiffs, of cool and impudent appearance, have entered a gaudily-furnished drawing-room, and are in the act of delivering the sheriff's mandate to their prisoner, whom we recognise as the late prominent personage of Ascot race-course. He stands before the fire arrayed in gorgeous dressing-gown of amber satin, smoking a cigar, while his terrified young wife and two dear little children, girl and boy, look on at the scene being enacted before them with wondering amazement. In the fourth panel we find ourselves in the commoner kind of apartment to be met with in a Boulogne lodging-house. The principal actors of the drama, save the children, are waging a conjoint struggle against hopeless poverty. Seated at the fire is the elder child, just recovered from a fever, looking wan and broken-spirited, just old enough to appreciate the abject wretchedness of her parents. The landlady has entered the room, and, with deprecatory gesture, presents a long and, no doubt, oft-rejected bill for settlement. The wife, beautiful and pleading, has been painting pictures that will never bring a sou to the coffers; on the table before the husband lie the sheets of a manuscript, on the title-page of which we read the scathing satire, "The Gay Bachelor: a Comedy of Facts." Instinctively we seem to know what will be the end. 'The End' forms the subject of the fifth panel. The artist saves us the sorrow of knowing what has become of the bright, charming young wife and the sweet little children. A reminiscence of their being is presented in a tattered dress and a few broken toys lying about the floor of the wretched London garret where the final scene is to be enacted. A little mug, such as children love to bear away with them from holiday trips to seaside resorts, inscribed with the name "Henry," stands upon a rickety table. The remnants of bread and a broken milk-jug tell of the starvation rations served for an early breakfast. The table-drawer stands open. We descry a little pile of bullets in one corner, a few percussion-caps in another, and above lies the pistol. A letter is upon the floor, and we manage to glean its contents as follows: "Sir, I am sorry to say your comedy is not suited to this theatre." At the door is a man, haggard, grief-stricken, borne down with woe. He listens at the key-hole, and is in the act of turning the bolt, and in a moment more will have passed into the "undiscovered country." The record of his fate will be presently inscribed in the books of the coroner's court as "temporary insanity." The expression on the father's face, as he bolts the door previous to committing suicide, is worthy of a great actor; and Mr. Frith's skill in conceiving that, and portraying it, is as great as was that of Macready, or Edwin Booth, or any other great impersonator of dramatic incident. There will be many who will consider this picture, or series of pictures, as the most important work that Mr. Frith has done. In detail it is marvellously complete, and it exhibits as well a vast amount of conscientious workmanship and a very considerable and truthful knowledge of character. 'The Road to Ruin' will constitute one of the main interests of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

I.

THE ENGLISH SECTION.

ALTHOUGH the existence of the Paris Exhibition is now (May 20th) to be counted by weeks instead of by days, it is far from being in complete order. Many departments are as yet in disorder—many exhibitors have failed to finish the installation of their wares. This is particularly true as regards the French section. The foreigners have worked faithfully and well, but the greater part of the division devoted to native Art and manufactures still shows lamentable gaps amid its displays.

The Art-section, it is true, is very nearly ready, but the catalogue still is lacking. And its general arrangement cannot but be regarded as injurious to the general effect. In place of one grand gallery, or series of galleries, recalling the grandiose halls of the Louvre, this department has been cut up into a number of small, separate rooms. Nor can the visitor, in passing through the long series of apartments, study at ease the different developments of Art among the different nations. The pictures of France are intruded on two separate divisions among the other Art-exhibits, so that one has to keep a sharp lookout to see whether the works under examination are French or belong to some other nationality. The pavilion of the City of Paris cuts the Art-section into two parts. And, altogether, France has not only taken the lion's share of space, but has so managed matters as to confuse the student of Art as much as possible. In other respects the department is fairly well fitted for the purpose to which it is applied. The ceilings are low, the walls coloured with a red wash, and the light being wholly admitted from above, screens of white muslin are used to temper its undue fervour or crudeness.

The English Art-department is thoroughly ready, catalogue and all, and it is on that account that I shall commence my Art-studies of the Exhibition with the English pictures. The English exhibit is peculiarly interesting, as representing the very cream of English Art for the last ten years. No efforts have been spared to render the display a brilliant and imposing one. The owners of valuable pictures have not hesitated to trust their treasures to the mercy of a long journey and a six months' detention. Had American collectors so acted, this portion of our exhibit would wear a different aspect from what it does to-day. Going through the English section, one sees what their leading artists have been doing for years past. If some among the new lights are absent, the old, fixed stars burn with a steady and vivid radiance. The furnishing and arrangement of the department, too, are charming. Low divans covered with a white-grounded, chintz-patterned stuff, full *portières* of the same material, soft cocoa matting on the floor, and a profusion of plants grouped amid the statuary, lend to the whole an aspect of mingled comfort and elegance that is very captivating. Even the catalogue, with its cover in blended tints of blue-grey and chocolate-brown, is handsomely gotten up, as well as complete and thorough, and, moreover, it was ready to the moment.

Perhaps no picture in this department attracts more attention than does 'A Yeoman of the Guard,' by Millais—a single three-quarter figure of one of the guardians of the Tower, painted in the quaint and characteristic costume that has come down from the days of Henry VIII. The old man is seated, grasping his official halberd, and the light strikes strongly across his weather-beaten face and white-gloved hand. The rich scarlet of his dress and hose, slightly relieved by the black-velvet ornamentation of his doublet, is marvellously reproduced without any crudeness or glare, and with a breadth and mastery of execution that recall some of the best effects of Meissonier. Unfortunately, the painting is covered with glass, a circumstance which detracts from the general effect, and gives to the work the aspect of a highly-finished water-colour.

The two large landscapes by Millais, entitled respectively 'Over the Hills and far away' and 'Chill October,' no less reveal his

wonderful mastery of the brush. The first, a far-reaching prospect of Scottish hills, in a sunlit distance, spanned by a rainbow, has much of that effect of illimitable distance which is to be found in some of Church's pictures of mountain-scenery. The last-named painting is touched with the melancholy of the season that it represents—an English autumn—not our golden, gorgeous fall, but the sad decadence of the year, faded, drear, and cheerless. The grey skies mirror themselves in the glassy water—the brown reeds rustle in the marshy foreground—the brightness and gaiety of Nature have passed away, and through her veins is creeping the chill of coming dissolution. A nobly-painted work, and one wherein the mournful poetry of the tragedy of the year is exquisitely represented. As a portrait-painter, Millais suffers by comparison with his great French contemporaries.

Landseer "being dead, yet liveth" on the walls of the Exhibition with six of his later works, one or two of which, at least, were shown at our Exhibition. Of the rest, the most striking is probably the 'Swannery invaded by Eagles.' The helplessness of the great, beautiful birds in the clutches of their cruel assailants, has something unutterably pathetic about it. The noble swan that, with outspread, blood-stained wings, and slender neck writhing in the pitiless gripe of its slayer, occupies the foreground, is a very image of defenceless suffering. Still deeper, because more human, is the tragedy of 'Man proposes and God disposes'—the white bears amid the icebergs and beneath the grey, snow-laden skies of a polar landscape, toying with the relics of some perished exploring-expedition: a faded flag, a telescope, a shattered mast, and the fragments of a human skeleton. His 'Sick Monkey' represents rather a monkey family—the mother nursing her suffering offspring, while the father, in the background, devours oranges in selfish content. The other Landseers in the Exhibition are 'The Connoisseurs' (the portrait of the artist), and 'The Indian Tent,' both loaned by the Prince of Wales, and 'The Ptarmigan Hill.'

Frith's 'Derby-Day' and 'Railway-Station' are well known to the American public. The singular vividness and vitality of this artist's talent are also well displayed in the large historical picture entitled 'The Last Sunday of Charles II. at Whitehall.' It is the well-known passage from Macaulay's history translated into canvas and paint, the "glorious gallery" thronged with courtiers, the grave gentlemen advancing to pay their respects, and the sultan-king seated between the Duchess of Portsmouth and Hortensia Mancini, toying with the silken tresses of the first, while listening to the love-songs warbled by Hortensia's French page. In the background a party sits playing cards before a table heaped with gold, and a gay gallant slips note into the hand of one of the lady-players, while a portly bishop looks on, and another courtier lightly taps his lordship on the shoulder and points out to his notice the bell that in the belfry of a neighbouring church is ringing out a call to prayers. 'The Gold-Room at Homburg,' and 'Under the Doge's Palace,' complete the list of this fine artist's contributions.

To G. D. Leslie belongs the meed of most exquisitely representing the innocent loveliness of young English girlhood. His 'School revisited' shows a very cluster of these sweet human rosebuds, not the least fair of whom is the charming bride who, in picturesque old English costume, sits upon a bench in the school-garden, and surrenders her ungloved hand, with its wedding-ring, for the inspection of a group of her former companions, while another looks down upon the proceedings from an elevated window. They are so lovely, these young creatures, so pure and sweet in their girlish freshness! Equally charming are the two damsels in the picture entitled 'Pot-pourri,' who are engaged in manufacturing that dainty compound of flower-petals and sweet-scented spices. Charming, too, are the dainty maidens who are trying to guess at the decrees of Fate by dropping flowers in a running stream in the work called 'Fortunes.' Celia, not Shakespeare's, but a sweet modern damsel in white, with a wreath of roses around her neck,

and Thomson's "Lovely young Lavinia," resting on a stile, with her burden of wheat-ears, also find places among this group of types of exquisite girlhood. After the nudities and the *demi-mondaines* of the French school, this fair and winsome assemblage brings to the soul a positive sense of elevation and of refreshment.

Calderon, too, can paint a lady: the elegant dame in the foreground of his picture, 'On her Way to the Throne,' is a very image of high-bred grace. Superb in her powder, her laces, and satins, the queenly lady pauses for a moment to suffer her anxious hair-dresser to give a last turn to the curl that falls upon her swan-like neck. Two lackeys wait to draw aside the tapestry *portières*, to give her entrance to the royal presence. Behind her come her friends and companions in the presentation, fair and elegant, like herself. That supreme air of distinction which is so hard to render, pervades the atmosphere of this picture, subtle, delicate, and intangible as a perfume.

The 'Lucrezia Borgia' of Mr. Elmore is a strange and striking work. The Duchess of Ferrara stands beside a doorway, the curtain of which her companion, a truculent-looking hero, has just drawn aside. She stays his progress with a gesture, perhaps hesitating to trust the execution of her purpose to his dagger, and preferring to confide in the powers of the crystal phial that she holds half-concealed amid the folds of her drapery. The light from the open doorway strikes full across her fair, sinister face, and lights with lurid lustre her *crêpe*, red-gold hair, and crimson-velvet robe. Less characteristic and striking is the countenance of the queen in the picture entitled 'Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley at Jedburgh.' The Scottish syren is depicted as a beautiful and gentle-looking woman, who strives to win her surly lord to acquiescence in her will by her earnest pleading. The tall figure of the sulky, recalcitrant Darnley, in his black-velvet doublet, is the best point in the picture.

Mr. Alma-Tadema figures in the Exhibition with no less than ten works, with most of which the Parisian public are already familiar. Yet, this artist, neither by birth nor by talent, can be counted among the English painters. The refinements of his colouring, the perfection of his drawing, belong more to the French school; while his subjects are chosen wholly from the antique. Like Hector Leroux, he devotes himself to the reproduction of the scènes and characters of ancient Rome. But Leroux puts upon canvas the poetry and the legendary lore of that remote past. A dreamy and mystic atmosphere envelopes his scenes and his personages. To Alma-Tadema belong rather the daily life and the reality of the ancient world. He is a master of his art, cold, correct, serious, never yielding to the claims of sensationalism, nor drifting into the vagueness of idealism.

From the pencil of Mr. Yeames we have a bright little scene from the social life of the last century. Two sedan-chairs have been placed opposite to each other in a wide and handsome street. In the one stands a powdered cavalier in crimson velvet, and in the other a lady in rose-coloured brocade, their heads just appearing over the top framework. They are exchanging some last remarks and confidential disclosures, while their attendants wait to

shut down the covers of the sedan-chairs, and to carry them off. In the background a gorgeous coach rumbles heavily away. In very different style is the 'Death of Amy Robsart,' by this artist, a large painting showing the fair form of the hapless lady extended lifeless at the foot of a staircase, while her murderers peer anxiously from the topmost steps, to see if their work has been well accomplished.

The 'Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward,' by Mr. Luke Fildes, is a heart-rending picture, in the truthful simplicity and realism of its representation of the sufferings of the London poor. Full of life and movement also is the 'Saturday Night in the East End of London,' by Mr. Barnard. These paintings, with Frith's 'Derby-Day' and 'Railway-Station,' have the conspicuous merit of being vigorous and literal transcriptions of striking scenes in English life—a lesson by which our painters, and those of France as well, would do well to profit.

Mr. Burne Jones is represented by a single large picture, entitled 'The Beguiling of Merlin,' in drawing and composition evidently inspired by the illuminators of ancient missals, but cold and even sombre in colouring. The pale head of the sage, with upward-glancing eyes, and his white, thin hands, are admirably painted. The slender form and attenuated features of Vivien have a weird beauty, a Circe-like charm, and her head-gear of interlacing serpents is a singular and imaginative conception. In her dusky-purple robe, she looks like a sombre enchantress rather than the deviser of beguiling spells "with woven paces and with waving hands." Something of a more human and sensual grace would have suited the character better.

Even a bare mention of all the noted works of Art in the English section would stretch this necessarily brief notice into undue dimensions. The exhibit is a brilliant and a creditable one in all respects. Especially is it remarkable by its characteristic nationality. Save in the case of Alma-Tadema, an adopted son of English Art, and not one native and to the manner born, the influence of the Continental schools is unfelt and powerless. English Art is essentially and thoroughly English, and not a pale reflection from Paris or Munich. This fact is particularly noticeable in the choice of subjects, no less than in the minutiae of handling and colour. English scenery and English history, the fair faces of Englishwomen, the deeds of English heroes, the every-day life of England, furnish forth themes for the pencils of her artists. And her painters have not yet learned the pernicious doctrine that the choice of a subject is of no moment whatever, the execution alone being of any importance. That doctrine would probably prove correct did artists paint for an audience of critics and artists merely. But, outside of that chosen few lies the vast assemblage of the general public—a public which it has unfortunately become the fashion of late in certain Art-circles to regard with scorn. And it is impossible to look upon the interested countenances of the visitors to the English section and not to realise that for them painting had a new charm when she became the interpreter of history and poetry, of the fair face of Nature, and of the woes and wants of actual life.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NOTES.

NEW PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES.—A painting that fetches \$17,600 at an auction-sale may or may not be a work of Art. It is an object of interest, however, especially if it is only about nine inches high and twelve inches long, and contains nine human figures, and is from the studio of Meissonier. 'The Gamblers,' by this artist, now in the gallery of Messrs. Knoedler and Company, is one of the most important members of the recent Oppenheim collection in Paris. It was sold last April for the price just mentioned. Meissonier calls it 'Innocents et Malins' ('The Simple-minded and the Evil-minded'). Two cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII. are playing cards with a couple of greenhorns who have been decoyed into a low saloon. The players are seated on each side of a table, near which are four standing cavaliers who witness the fleecing of the "innocents." A fifth cavalier has seated himself on the bench beside the winning pair, and, holding a half-emptied glass of sherry in his left hand, leans for-

ward and fixes his eyes mildly upon one of the victims, who is about to make the critical play, and whose companion is counselling him with reference to it. The leading player on the other side—his face is a fine study—awaits his decision with eagerness and confidence, seeming as if he might say, "No matter what card you put down, you poor fool, I have got you where I want you!" Meanwhile his accomplice on his left smiles triumphantly, and peers across the table into the mild face of the young imbecile, while three of the four spectators who stand around them reveal no sign of sympathy with either party. Their expression is imperturbable and stony. The fourth one, who smokes his pipe complacently, is evidently pleased at the impending slaughter. Though now exhibited for the first time in this country, the canvas bears the date of 1861. As is usual with Meissonier's works, it is painted in an almost negative key of colour, a fact which greatly increases the difficulty of representation, and enhances our admiration for

the artist's mastery of *technique*. No study of battling lights is here, no daring display of colour, no glaring tints, no Venetian scheme. The drawing is extraordinarily skilful and faithful even to the smallest details, and the relief and lifelike character of the figures are beyond praise. Their expression is wonderfully varied and interesting. The artist's consummate knowledge of the human form, his patient industry, and his command of the resources of his palette, are disclosed in full measure. Meissonier's execution is, perhaps, as nearly perfect as that of any other painter living or dead, and there is no probability that his pictures, while they last, will ever bring less prices than at present. The 'Innocents et Malins' is no pictured scene, but life itself; and American lovers of Art are under deep obligation to Messrs. Knoedler and Company for the opportunity of studying a specimen of workmanship so supreme.

In Mr. Avery's gallery there is a pleasant painting by Piltz, of Weimar. The aged inmates of an almshouse for women are sitting at tables and preparing a lot of white chicken and geese feathers for conversion into toothpicks. Their hands are covered with the fine fuzz which has been picked from the feathers, and which is floating around the room. Some of them wear green-paper shades on their foreheads to protect their eyes. On the floor are bags and boxes. Each of the twelve or fifteen faces is a distinct study of character from the life. The prevailing expression is one of sadness and listlessness, though one of the old women at the right is actually merry, possibly by reason of a potion suggested to the spectator by the redness and flabbiness of her countenance. The subject is entirely novel and original, and treated with commendable care and skill.—Mr. Sehaus has Erskine Nicoll's 'Looking out for a safe Investment,' which is well known through the engraving. Two Scottish boys, returning from school, their strapped books in their hands, are looking through a shop-window at the plentiful supply of toys behind it. They are of the type which Mr. Nicoll is so fond of painting. The street is covered with snow, the boys are warmly clad in rough homespun, and their cheeks are rosy—rather crudely so. In the distance pedestrians and houses are seen through a thick, grey atmosphere. Nicoll always has a story to tell, and this story is as simple and almost as touching as the best of his narrations. Scottish Art has considerable sympathy for modern French Art, but this painter's work does not show it.

BOSTON.—The annual exhibition of the city free evening drawing-schools was held in May, at the rooms of the Art-Club. The collection included a large number of drawings from six schools, the gallery being completely filled with the scholars' handwork. Examples of drawings from the flat and the round, with architectural designs and instrumental drawing, ship-draughting, and ship-construction, showing the practical aim of the teachers, betrayed the excellent results which have followed from the introduction of free Art-teaching in Boston. The larger part of the pupils are, of course, those who intend to pursue the mechanical arts, and to whom this branch of instruction is of the highest importance. Besides the drawings, a number of casts, from designs modelled by the pupils of one of the schools, was exhibited. The exhibition remained open a week. . . . A very interesting special exhibition was opened during the month at the Art Museum, the progress of which, despite the hard times, is very rapid and gratifying to Boston Art-lovers. It aimed to give illustrations of the art of wood-cut engravings, from its earliest beginnings to the present time. A large number of specimens was to be seen, including the Nuremberg Bible of 1584, and the Nuremberg Chronicle, some fine Albert Dürers, and also excellent examples of the latest American wood-engravings, by Linton, of New York, and Anthony, of Boston. Four fine pieces of old stained glass, from a Swiss château, have been added to the Museum, which date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among other recent additions are some beautifully carved ivory cups from the Black Forest, some specimens of enamel on copper, and of English and china porcelain, and two carved doors from Brussels and Ypres, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The picture-gallery has been rehung for the summer. The extension of the Museum has been begun, and is going forward vigorously. . . . Mr. Hunt has just finished two portraits, which are declared to be among the best work he has ever done. They betray his powers, while free from his eccentricities. . . . A collection exhibited at one of the galleries contained pictures by Froment and George L. Brown; a landscape by Lambinet, a striking picture, 'William of Orange disposing of his Treasures'; French works by Bouguereau, Corot, Toulmouche, Baugniet, Robie, and Shreyer; and American works by Staigg, Hunt, Sausil, and Schultze. Several pictures by Joseph Jefferson, the actor, were also exhibited. . . . Another exhibition comprised a number of paintings by local artists, those of F. D. Williams, F. H. Shapleigh, and W. P. Phelps, being the most noticeable. Mr. Williams exhibited foreign landscapes, and Mr. Phelps some skilful cattle-pieces. Among other contributors were T. Clark

Oliver, C. R. Grant, G. N. Cass, Enneking, Griggs, and Higgins. . . . The portrait of Henry Wilson, by Edgar Parker, has been purchased for presentation to the city, to be hung in Faneuil Hall, where Dr. Parker's portrait of Sumner already is.

WASHINGTON.—A picture of unusual interest is on exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery. It is a full-length portrait of Martha Washington in reception-costume, in 1790, painted by E. F. Andrews, of Ohio, who has followed his profession in Washington during the past winter, and exhibited several successful portraits and subjects of *genre*. It represents Martha Washington standing in quiet dignity to receive her visitors. She is dressed in white brocade with a quilted pink petticoat; a light gauze veil, dropping on either side from the ruffled cap, is loosely tied over the bust, softening without hiding its buxom outlines. The head was painted from Healy's copy of Gilbert Stuart's famous portrait, and well preserves its features and expression, though, of course, animated by the social occasion represented. The right arm, nearly bare to the elbow, hangs easily by her side, and the left rests upon a chair. One satin shoe rests upon the pearl-coloured carpet. The figure is relieved against a dark wainscotted wall and a rich green-velvet curtain slightly drawn aside showing an apartment beyond. The eye is at once gratified with the harmonious colour of the picture, and the agreeable impression is increased by the excellence of the likeness, the pleasant glance of the clear hazel eyes, and the propriety of the rich costume that envelopes this debonair impersonation of Martha Washington. It ought to adorn the President's House, or the State dining-room of Mount Vernon. The costume was painted from authentic patterns of the full dress of the period. Mr. Andrews has added greatly to his reputation by this work. He studied his art for several years in France and Germany, and was a pupil of Bonnat.—Thomas Moran's new picture of the 'Exploration of Florida by Ponce de Leon,' about the year 1512, is also in the Gallery. We look out from a shadowy, marshy foreground, under the colonnade of forest-trees, upon a clearing bounded by gigantic trees of cypress and live-oak, with a vista of tall palmettos and a dreamy bit of river beyond. On the sunlit opening, under the trees drooping with moss, stand De Leon and his soldiers in the picturesque military garb of the time, confronting a tribe of Indians, as though he was about to resume his exploring march. Altogether there is a charming blending of knightly romance and primeval sylvan solitude in this picture, which is executed with elaborate finish. It was painted with a view of disposing of it to Congress, as a pendant to the 'Discovery of the Hudson,' by Bierstadt, filling a panel in the House of Representatives.

HERE AND THERE.—Mr. Howard Roberts, the sculptor, of Philadelphia, has near completion, in the clay, a study of child-life, entitled 'Napoleon's First Battle.' The infant warrior is represented as contemplating the results of an exhibition of his destructive propensities, the victims being a regiment of toy-soldiers. The figure is beautifully modelled throughout, but the head is particularly fine, and, in some respects, it is one of the most positive successes that this artist has yet achieved. . . . An Art-Association was organised, May 27th, at Lowell, Massachusetts, and took all the requisite steps for a charter. The officers are as follows: T. B. Lawson, President; Mrs. D. L. Richardson, Vice-President; S. M. Chase, Secretary; G. J. Carney, Treasurer; E. W. Hoyt, Mrs. H. Wood, Henry Burrows, W. G. Ward, Misses Elizabeth O. Robbins, Helen A. Whittier, and Helen M. Wright, Directors. . . . Jaroslav Czermak, the Hungarian artist, pupil of Gallait and of Robert Fleury, for the last twenty years of his life a resident of Paris, has just died there, at the age of forty-seven. His pictures, 'The Voivode,' 'Episode of a Montenegrin War,' 'A Young Girl with Horses,' 'The Taking of Laenburg,' and the like, were features of several Salons. . . . M. Robinet, aged forty-six, a well-known sculptor, who was one of the competitors for the statue of Voltaire, of which the models are now being exhibited at the School of Fine Arts, is dead. . . . The death is announced of M. Alexandre Viollet-le-Duc, a skilful landscape-painter and an able writer upon Art. He was brother to M. Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, the distinguished architect. . . . Mr. Ulysses D. Tanney has just finished the copy of Copley's portrait of Governor John Wentworth, which he has been painting for Dartmouth College. . . . Alma-Tadema never dates his pictures. "It is," he avers, "a useless precaution against the copyist, who is a cunning fellow, and paints amazingly well at times. I think it better to number my pictures as a musician numbers his works. This plan makes the detection of fraud easy, especially as I keep a book in which every picture is entered, with full description and account of to whom sold, for how much, where exhibited—if exhibited—and so forth." . . . The Society for photographing Relics of Old London proposes to publish the following subjects with its fourth year's issue: 'Temple Bar,' 'Gate and Courtyard of 102 Leadenhall Street,' demolished in 1875; 'Houses in Gray's Inn

Lane,' demolished in 1878; 'Shop in Brewer Street, Soho'; 'The Sir Paul Pinder, Bishopsgate Street'; 'Houses in Holborn.' Mr. Alfred Marks, of Long Ditton, secretary of the society, will receive subscriptions. . . It is understood that to Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter has been entrusted the task of designing the mosaics which it is proposed to substitute for Thornhill's pictures in the dome of St. Paul's. "This is to be the case, we presume," says the London *Athenaeum*, "if the £40,000 required for the work is forthcoming. We confess to believing that to destroy Thornhill's works would be a pity. At any rate they have a magnificent decorative effect which it would be hard to surpass, or even to approach, by mosaic, which does not readily lend itself to producing the aerial splendour so desirable in the place. Would it not be better worth while to begin decorating the cathedral where its walls are blank, and leave the greater task of enriching the dome?"

MESSRS. PRANG AND COMPANY have begun the publication of "The Native Flowers and Ferns of the United States," by Professor Thomas Meehan, Vice-President of the Botanical Section of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, and editor of *The Gardeners' Monthly*, etc., exquisitely illustrated by coloured plates printed in chromolithography. The work is published in parts, in two series of twenty-four numbers each, each part accompanied by four coloured plates. "The want," say the projectors, "of a good illustrated and comprehensive work on the flowers and ferns of the United States, similar to the works which have been published on the flowers of nearly all the leading countries of Europe, has long been felt. But the difficulties in the way of the undertaking, arising partly from the peculiar combination of scientific, artistic, and literary talent needed in its execution, and partly from the seeming necessity of beginning a work which would run on unfinished through a long series of years, have thus far proved insurmountable obstacles to those who have ever thought of preparing such a work. It is believed that these difficulties have been overcome by the plan of publication adopted for the present work, and by the exceptional facilities for producing it commanded by the author and the publishers." It is proposed to treat the subjects under their different aspects, as follows: 1. *Botanically*, by giving concise and correct botanical descriptions, referring the student to recognised standard works, and treating of the physiology and the structural peculiarities of the plants represented, in as simple and popular language as possible; 2. *Horticulturally*, by calling the attention of gardeners to those among the wild-flowers of our country which have, as well as those which have not, yet been transferred to the garden, and giving hints as to modes of cultivation and improvement; 3. *Popularly*, by pointing out the poetical and legendary associations of plants, and indicating the various sentiments which have found expression in what is known as the "language of flowers," together with the apparent as well as hidden beauties in many of them, especially in reference to their use in the arts of decorative design. Numbers one and two are now before us. The plates in these parts are simply admirable—excellent in drawing, rich in colour, having almost the vivid character of original drawings. The work does great credit to its projectors in its general execution, and we trust will meet with the popular success it deserves.

THE NEW ACADEMICIANS AND ASSOCIATES.—Two Academicians and three Associates were elected at the annual meeting of the National Academy, in May. The new Academicians are Horace Wolcott Robbins and Robert Swain Gifford; the new Associates Benjamin C. Porter, William R. O'Donovan, the sculptor, and Walter Shirlaw. Mr. Robbins was born in 1842, in Mobile. Some of his landscapes are, 'Roadside Elms,' thirty-six by fifty-four inches; 'Mount Philip, from the Farmington River,' forty-eight by sixty inches, the latter having represented him at the Centennial Exhibition; and views in the Alleghanies, on the Connecticut, in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Jamaica, and Switzerland. Mr. Robbins is the Secretary of the Artists' Fund Society, and the Treasurer of the Water-Colour Society. Two of his pictures, the 'Ensign House at Simsbury,' and the 'Harbour Islands, Lake George,' are now in the American department of the Fine Arts at the Paris Exhibition. To the present National Academy exhibition he has sent 'Morning in the Adirondacks,' and 'Sunny Banks of the Ausable.' Of Robert Swain Gifford we gave a biographical sketch, accompanied with two examples of his work, in the *Art Journal* for October, 1877. Mr. Benjamin C. Porter is a prominent Boston artist. He is most favourably known in New York by his portrait of 'A Lady and Dog,' exhibited in the Academy last year. Mr. William R. O'Donovan is a well-known sculptor; he was born in Virginia, in 1844. His principal work is a portrait-bust of Mr. Page, now in the National Academy; other works are portrait-busts of Mr. Winslow Homer, Mr. Thomas Le

Clear, and Mr. W. H. Beard. Mr. Walter Shirlaw is the President of the Society of American Artists, and Professor of Drawing in the school of the Art-Students' League. He has recently returned from Munich, where he had a thorough course of study. In the exhibition of the Society of American Artists he was represented by his 'Good-Morning,' a woman and a flock of geese in a barn-yard.

'CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL,' BY DANIEL MACLISE.—A large historical work of some interest, executed by Daniel Maclige when only twenty-five years of age, is in the gallery of the Messrs. J. & R. Jennings, London. The subject is 'An Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell.' The work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836, and was purchased by a gentleman in whose family it has remained ever since. The centre of the picture is occupied by a large table, at which, on the farther side, Ireton is seen writing, and Fairfax standing beside him. At the right end of this table sits Cromwell in cuirass and jack-boots, grasping his white beaver in his right hand, and looking intently, and apparently not without sympathy, at the group at the other end. This group is composed of the king and two of his children, the Duke of York and the Princess Elizabeth. The father looks down affectionately on the boy as he reads to him, while his little sister lays her cheek playfully and lovingly against the glossy coat of her favourite spaniel. A white greyhound stands immediately behind the little princess, and helps to connect the two sides of the composition. Over their heads are embazoned the royal arms, and the colouring throughout has none of that tendency to chalkiness which in after-years detracted so much from the works of Maclige. There is nothing here but what would lead one to anticipate a coming colourist, just as already the group of the king and the two children speaks of dramatic instinct and composition. The figures are life-size, and the canvas measures eight feet by six.

THE nineteenth annual reception of the Women's Art Department of the Cooper Union was held on the evening of Wednesday, May 29th. Examples of crayon-drawing, oil-painting, water-colour, tile-painting, and original designs, were displayed on the walls. The ladies of the department, it was stated by the principal, Mrs. Susan N. Carter, have earned, from November, 1877, to May, 1878, \$11,000 by the sale of their designs, or by teaching. The Drawing Class numbers ninety-eight, sixteen of whom are graduates this year. The Normal Drawing Class, members of which received prizes, numbers twenty-eight. The following are the principal prizes in this department: Portrait-Drawing: First prize, \$30 in gold, Miss Emma Haviland; second prize, silver medal, Miss Leila M. Smith; third prize, bronze medal, Miss Ella Martin. Drawing from the Antique: First prize, \$20 in gold, Miss Marian V. Bloodgood; second prize, \$10 in gold, Miss Sylvia Martinache; third prize, silver medal, Miss Fannie L. Pressler. Ornamental Scroll-Drawing: First prize, \$20 in gold, Miss Jennie L. Parker; second prize, \$10 in gold, Miss Rebecca Wohlfert; third prize, silver medal, Miss Amanda Schile. Normal Drawing Class: First prize of \$50, from L. Prang & Co.; Miss Myra Jones; second prize, \$30 in gold, Miss Annie A. Wood; third prize, silver medal, Miss Lillie Walker. Engraving School: First prize, \$20 in gold, Miss Isabel McDougal; second prize, \$10 in gold, Miss M. L. D. Watson.

A FRENCH ARTIST'S LONDON SUBJECTS.—M. Burty writes to the London *Academy* from Paris, as follows: "M. A. de Nittis obtains the most legitimate success by means of two pictures painted in London. His powers of observation grow keener every day. His view of the Bank of England, with the well-marked types of character that hurry along the pavement, the carriages of all kinds crossing one another's path in every direction, the solemn, bearded policemen helping old ladies safely over the crossing, and the fog that marks the outline of your monuments, is so lifelike a composition that it is readily understood at first sight, and calls forth the applause or the curiosity of the public, who feel instinctively that the portrait is correct. In another painting (which, unfortunately, is not well lighted) M. de Nittis has portrayed a scene in St. James's Park—the water rippled by a pleasure-boat, at the back of which a fair lady is seated; the black swans, the delicate verdure of the trees that rise on the opposite bank, the buildings in the background glowing in a clear soft light under a hazy sky; the whole is steeped in a poetic atmosphere which touches me the more because I have so often felt its effect. This poetic feeling, to which your poets have given such admirable expression, is little felt in France, and your national pride owes a debt of gratitude to M. de Nittis for having, by the aid of painting, brought it before the eyes of the French public, so little accustomed to travel or to read."

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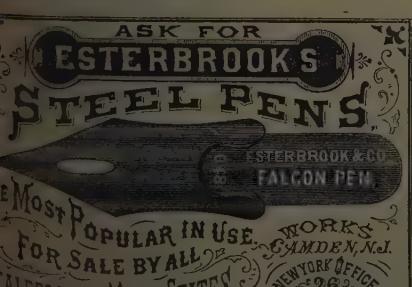
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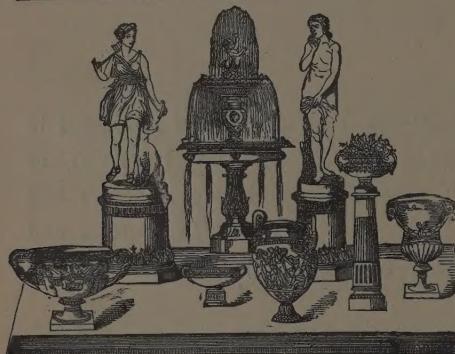
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OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1878.

AMOUNT OF NET CASH ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1877..... \$32,730,898 20

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877.....	432,695 40
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85
Less accrued January 1, 1877.....	300,558 08

\$40,398,054 67

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12
Life annuities and reinsurances.....	194,318 86
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00

\$34,452,905 27

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$13,379,930 33).....	12,875,584 69
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195).....	695,234 74
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	396,289 26
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000; included in liabilities).....	167,183 37
Agents' balances.....	56,945 97
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878.....	315,895 35

\$34,452,905 27

* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....

504,345 64

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1878.

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91

32,293,106 44

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....

\$2,664,144 49

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4½ per cent. over.....

6,000,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,664,144 49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876.....	44,661	Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk January 1, 1878.....	127,901,897

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876..... \$2,499,656

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1877..... 2,626,816

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1878..... 2,664,144

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, ROBERT B. COLLINS, CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., DAVID DOWS,	J. F. SEYMOUR, HENRY BOWERS, JOHN MAIRS, WILLIAM BARTON, EDWARD MARTIN, H. B. CLAFLIN, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, ISAAC C. KENDALL, LOOMIS L. WHITE,	W. M. H. APPLETON, WILLIAM H. BEERS, GEORGE A. OSGOOD, JOHN M. FURMAN, EDW. A. WHITTEMORE
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MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., Residence, 109 E. 26th St., Medical
HENRY TUCK, M. D., Residence, 15 E. 31st St., Examiners.